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VAL L'ESTRANGE.

LADY RACHEL MONTAGU-STUART-WORTLEY.

135, Sloane Street, S.W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

MR. RUNCIMAN AND THE ... JOINT STOCK BANKS.

IN the new number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture there is an explanation and defence of Mr. Runciman's action in arranging that the Joint Stock Banks should practically take the place in England that Land Banks do in Germany. A good deal of criticism has been directed against the Minister for Agriculture on account of this; but our own belief, previously expressed, is that he is working on right lines. It has been the habit of Englishmen at all times to prefer building on an old foundation to erecting something new. In this country the rural districts are uncommonly well supplied with branches of the various Joint Stock Banks. It has sometimes been said that they are too respectable for the present purpose, and that they prefer doing business with those who can drive up to the office in a motor and deal with money in large quantities. As a matter of fact, this is a very unfair criticism of the Joint Stock Banks. Where small holdings abound they have long been in the habit of assisting those who were in need of it and at the same time were worthy of credit. If money were to be lent to those without any visible means of repayment, disaster would be sure to follow, and there are very obvious

objections to establishing a rural credit system by means of Government funds. The writer in the Journal bases his defence of the present system on the principle of self-help, "which it fosters and does not destroy." Indeed, it is difficult to see how the banks could do more than they have promised to do without departing from the sound principles of banking. The facts of the case as they are at present can be put into a nutshell.

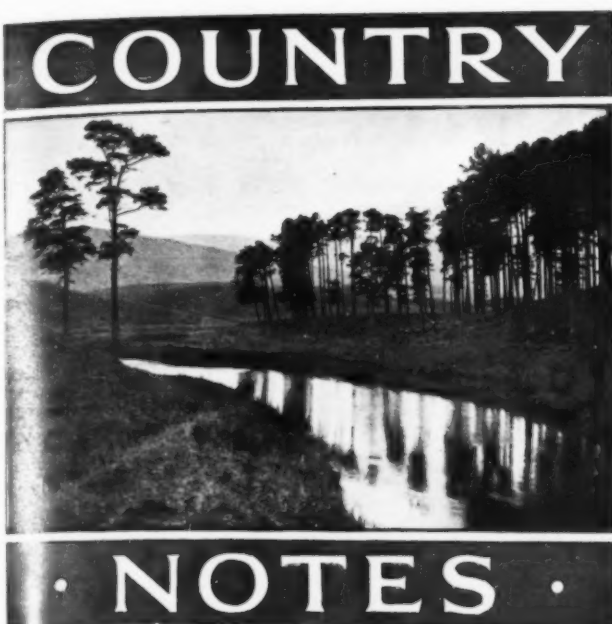
In England and Wales there are some forty-five Co-operative Credit Societies, based on model rules recommended by the Agricultural Organisation Society. The principal regulation is that the liability of each member for the debts due by the society shall be unlimited. It may be assumed, then, that the banks will lend on character, which thus becomes a negotiable asset. Twenty different banks have agreed to the proposition as far as it relates to credit societies, which consist mainly of small holders and allotment holders registered under the Friendly Societies Act. They have made many sagacious arrangements. Thus, they have agreed to allow the manager of any of their country branches to assist in the formation of a society, to give advice regarding its accounts and help when requested in its annual audit. It will be no small advantage to the members of a credit society to have at their elbows a skilled banker, who will be ready to give advice on matters which they will not readily understand themselves. Each bank reserves to itself the right of requiring satisfactory evidence as to the security of the loan, and in this they are not to be blamed. Any lender of money is entitled to take all lawful precautions that his advance shall be repaid. It will not necessarily mean that the customers, as is usual, will have to deposit securities before they can handle the money, since, in the words of the writer, "the joint liability of the members of the society may be accepted as an adequate security for the proposed loan without any further guarantee for its repayment." This makes it clear that the small holder who is a man of character and respectability, even though possessed of no effects, may obtain from the banks funds for the development and maintenance of his holding. What more than that a Land Bank could do we do not know. What directors will require, in the words used in the article, is to be satisfied "that the society consists mainly of thrifty, industrious men, that the committee is composed of trustworthy members of good character and credit, that the affairs of the society are conducted in a business-like manner, that the loans to members are really expended on profitable agricultural purposes, and that these loans are punctually repaid on the due dates." These cannot fairly be described as unreasonable conditions. The society which cannot fulfil them is not really in a position to borrow money.

The question of interest is a highly important one in regard to people who will not have much money at their disposal. If the banks were to follow the usual practice and charge one per cent. more than the Bank of England, it would mean that the small holders for considerable periods would be called upon to pay six per cent. and that the rate of interest would fluctuate to an inconvenient degree. The banks, however, have agreed to give exceptional and favourable terms to the small holders, though, naturally, they are not inclined to make them public. But they will fix a rate on which the society may calculate. In the House of Commons a good deal was said about the period of the loan. The words used by Mr. Runciman were that the banks "will require it to be made repayable on demand"; but he went on to explain that they will, in general practice, be willing to lend for twelve months, and the loan will then be subject to repayment, renewal or reduction. The objection taken to this is not very formidable, as the meaning of the provision simply is that in normal cases the loan will run, but that the banks reserve to themselves the right in bad cases to demand immediate repayment. It will be seen that the arrangement is a very conservative one and that the new system is skilfully grafted on to the old. One great feature in its favour is that the small holders will find nothing very new in it. They looked upon the Land Bank as being experimental; but the mere fact that they are to get their advances through the channels to which they have been accustomed, namely, the branches of the Joint Stock Banks, ought to have a reassuring effect.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of Lady Rachel Montagu-Stuart-Wortley, the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



LORD ROTHSCCHILD is to be congratulated on the remarkable record established at Tring on February 14th, when all previous prices were exceeded by Sir Walpole Greenwell's purchase of Champion's Goalkeeper at the price of four thousand one hundred guineas. As he pointed out with great frankness and kindness, the credit is chiefly due to Mr. Richardson Carr, whose assiduously exercised skill and care are largely responsible for the splendid position attained by the stud. A very practical question, arising out of the flourishing condition of Shire-breeding in Great Britain, was touched upon by Lord Rothschild. Our great cart-horse is not so popular overseas as some other breeds, and the excellent studs which increase and multiply year by year greatly need the opening of new markets. A proposal has been on foot to encourage showing in the Colonies and foreign countries by offering substantial prizes; but the real objection to the Shire is what many people regard as its chief beauty—the so-called "feather" or abundance of hair at the lower extremity of the leg. This is a serious hindrance to the use of the animal in heavy soils, and there is a controversy going on as to the advisability of breeding it out. One side adheres to the strictly utilitarian view, while the other holds that the growth of hair is a symptom of extraordinary strength in the bone. The Shire Horse Society, one of the best breed societies in existence, would do its members a considerable service by taking this matter up and obtaining a scientific decision upon it.

Mr. G. S. Barnes, C.B., of the Labour Department of the Board of Trade, has got out some figures for the information of the Select Committee enquiring into the conditions of employment in the Postal Service which go far to explain the labour troubles of the past two years. The purpose of Mr. Barnes was to show how the sovereign has decreased in value during the last eighteen years. He tests this by comparing its purchasing power applied to twenty-three selected articles of food. Taking the years 1895 and 1896 as normal—that is, when the value of the sovereign was 20s. as measured in this way—he finds it had decreased in 1897 to 19s. 3d., and, except for one or two partial recoveries, kept on falling in value till in 1912 it had got down to 16s. 3d. The reasons for this are, of course, matters of speculation. The change may in part be attributed to a general heightening of the standard of living; that is, an increased consuming power throughout the world, and also to an increase in the output of gold. But whatever the cause may be, it demonstrates that the wages of 1895 have undergone a natural decrease in purchasing power. This decrease has been partly balanced in the majority of instances by a rise in the rates of wages. But probably this occurred more freely in open industries than in such services as those of the Post Office.

A Parliamentary Paper issued by Mr. Sydney Buxton, President of the Board of Trade, gives increased emphasis to the figures supplied by Mr. Barnes. It shows a much increased rise in the price of provisions. Of twenty-nine articles quoted only three fell in price. The exceptions were the two classes of mutton known in the trade as "second class" and "inferior," and petroleum or paraffin. In each of these exceptional cases the decrease was very small indeed. The

important point is that between 1905 and 1912, the period covered by Mr. Buxton's figures, there was a very substantial rise in the price of such necessities of the poor as tea, milk, eggs, butter, cheese, lard, bread, flour, hams, bacon, beef, coal and soap. This is just another way of saying, as Mr. Barnes does, that the sovereign has decreased in value measured by its purchasing power.

Commenting on the proposal to form an Agricultural Party, Mr. Martin J. Sutton says that "on an average throughout the country each hundred agricultural votes may be taken to represent three landlords, twelve farmers and eighty-five labourers." We do not know how he has arrived at the figures, but even if they are not exact to a fraction, they are sufficiently near for the purpose. Mr. Sutton's point is that these three sections of the agricultural interest are being led into the ways of discord. They should in reality be partners, for, as Lord Beaconsfield once put it, land has to make three rents—one for the labourer, one for the farmer and one for the owner; but now that they are being driven asunder, which section of them ought the new Agricultural Member to represent? Mr. Sutton remarks that "groups" are a source of weakness in the House. In other words, he would place his faith in the sense of justice of the majority of Members, whatever be their particular calling or qualification. The Member who sets himself to attend to one interest only is in considerable danger of getting himself ranked as a crank or a bore, perhaps both.

A CRADLE-SONG FOR ANNE.

*Hush! Hush! Hush-a-bye low,
Hark to the winds of Sleep that blow.
O! winds of the South, sing low, sing low,
While I rock my little one to and fro.*

*Over the hills and far away,
The road lies fair and white,
And sure, Mochree! to guide your feet
The way is lit to-night—
With twinkling faëric lanthorns,
All swinging to a tune,
And strung upon a silver chain
That reaches to the Moon.*

*And you shall dance throughout the night
With babes of faëric-land,
Or by the tideless sea of Dreams
Build castles in the sand.
And when you weary of your games
In faëric-land—Mochree!
Just say "good-bye" and journey back
To daylight and to me.*

*Hush! Hush! Hush-a-bye low,
Hark to the winds of Sleep that blow.
O! winds of the South, sing low, sing low,
While I rock my little one to and fro.*

JOAN CAMPBELL.

The carrying of Mr. Borden's naval resolutions at Ottawa evoked scenes of splendid enthusiasm. Canada has thus endorsed a noble offer to the Mother Country, and the latter more than reciprocates the feeling of the Dominion. What will weigh with most people is, however, not the ephemeral excitement of the moment, but the knowledge that this rally of the Overseas Dominions to their native land has already become a factor making for the peace of the world. Already there has been evinced in the German Reichstag a much more reasonable attitude; in fact, a recognition that the time has come when the two nations ought to limit their ship-building to certain definite proportions. Before the offers of the various Colonies began to take effective shape, the German attitude to schemes of this kind was one of indifference. What they said was that Germany was the best judge of her own requirements, and that these, as far as possible, would be met without regard to what was done by any other nation. This attitude at the last important debate was completely abandoned, and the prospects of maintaining peace have thereby been greatly improved. If the Canadian offer had produced no other result than this, it would still have been well worth making.

In our Shooting pages this week attention is directed to the competition which was inaugurated last year and will be continued in this and future years. The subject has been taken up with enthusiasm at the various schools, and the entries show that there is every likelihood of an arduous struggle taking place. Naturally, we are glad to know this, as our purpose in instituting

this small-bore competition was to encourage and foster marksmanship among those of the rising generation who will probably be officers either in the Territorials or in the Regular Army. It is, therefore, very satisfactory to know that the suggested Public Schools Competition at Bisley, which, subject to the consent of the N.R.A., will take place the day previous to the Ashburton Shield, follows very much on the lines laid down in our rapid and snap shooting practices. The proposal is that, instead of the schools' rapid firing, there will be a snap-shooting test at 200 yards, the target being exposed for five seconds, and at 500 yards five shots are to be fired in sixty seconds. This means the introduction of more practical tests of marksmanship, and we have no doubt that the result will entirely justify the change.

Many of our readers will be surprised, and disagreeably so, to learn that the Amesbury Abbey Estate is for sale. As a nation we dislike changes, and we do this more than ever when they concern a great and striking memorial of the past. Stonehenge is an integral part of English history. There is no reason to believe that Sir Edmund Antrobus, the present owner, would lightly allow it to pass into the hands of anyone who was not zealous for its preservation. He has invariably displayed a lively sense of his responsibilities in this respect. But if he once parts with the property, the next possessor may discover reasons for a fresh sale, and the famous stones thus pass out of effective control. It would be far better if Mr. Howard Frank, whose firm is, we believe, entrusted with the sale, would try to arrange for the Government to take it over. The great circle has no value beyond the archaeological and historical. It could, under no conceivable circumstances, be of use to a private owner. Even the fees to see it are trivial and can easily be evaded, as the stones can be just as well seen from the highway. But they are of the greatest consequence to the nation, and general approbation would, we are sure, be evoked were the State to purchase the whole estate. Part could be utilised for military purposes, part sold with the mansion and Stonehenge remain the property of the nation.

Nowadays it is difficult for the versatile German Emperor to surprise those who read his speeches, and yet few could have expected that he would appear before the German Agricultural Council in the character of a small holder who had been making some interesting experiments in reclamation. His point was that his outlay in growing Petkus rye on his West Prussian estate of Cadinen had been profitable. This species of rye was totally unknown there previously, and he drew an amusing word-picture of the farmers stopping to gaze in astonishment at his upright grain while their own lay prone on the ground. When they were informed that it was Petkus rye, the enthusiasm knew no bounds. "The people fought for the rye in front of my barns. I did a splendid business with the sale, and all parties were extraordinarily well satisfied." Thus the Kaiser as agriculturist was as successful as he is in other walks of life. However, his matter-of-fact reference to rye as "bread-grain" will cause a certain amount of reflection. "Fields of barley and of rye" were once the commonest sight in Great Britain. How much rye is cultivated to-day? And why is it omitted from the crops? Because black bread meets with no sale. The Emperor's subjects have not yet reached that point, but they are coming to it.

One who takes a very keen interest in child emigration has written a very interesting private letter in reference to the article on Emigration which appeared a fortnight ago. The writer has a country house in Oxfordshire, and tells us that the best young men are emigrating wholesale. From one village near Woodstock fifty-two young fellows and one woman, all unmarried, have left for Canada since June, 1911. The total population at that date was under five hundred. Many more are leaving this spring, and, if the movement goes on, our correspondent calculates that in three years there will be more feeble-minded and decadent people in that village than householders. In reference to another village which runs this one very close, the writer says it is swarming with "dotty" people, deaf and dumb, epileptic and so on. Evidently, if this goes on and the improvement in agricultural prices continues, the labourer will come to his own with a vengeance.

The coming of the daffodil, in common with many other kinds of flowers, has been much earlier than usual this year, and already in many outdoor gardens the golden blooms of the earlier varieties are dancing in the sunshine. With such an early season, it is not surprising to find those bulbs which have been grown in pots or bowls flowering more freely and several weeks in advance of the usual time. The extent to which daffodils are grown in this way was evident at the Royal Horticultural

Society's meeting on Tuesday last, when several large groups were staged in the hall at Vincent Square. One of these, and the largest of all, was composed entirely of Poetaz varieties. It may be interesting to recall that this race originated from a cross between one of the Poet's Narcissus and a Tazetta or bunch-flowered variety, the Poetaz flowers retaining this bunched habit and much of the size and fragrance of the Poet's varieties. Judging by some of those seen in different exhibits, the raising of new daffodils is as yet in its infancy.

REPORTED BY THE GOLF BAG.

A REVEL.

Out on the links they held high jinks,
They had pinched the master key;
With dance and song they skipped along,
'Twas a moonlit revelry.

Thus the Driver sang to the sprightly gang,
And a graceful swing had he,
"I'm played from the wrist, if the ball's not missed
I sweep it off the tee;
With one great bound it covers the ground,
'Tis a thrilling thing to see,
I'm strong and tall and best on the ball,
With this you must agree."

"All braggarts are best to take a rest,"
Said the Brassey bright and gay,
"With my coat of mail when you often fail,
I help to win the day;
I tear through the green though the lie's not clean,
It is my little way,
I'm better than you and straight and true,
That's all I have to say."

"You're a wooden pain, we do declare,
Your hearts are full of lead,"
Said the Mashie and Cleek, "you would take a week
To lay a golf ball dead;
Through sand and bush our way we push,
Where soft, kind words are said,
For your rotten lies we would advise
An ironing of the head."

Said the Putter, "I ween it's on the green
The game is lost and won,
Although I'm smaller than you all,
I count when you are done,
I'm more than a match for all the batch,
I hole out on the run.
So be discreet and drop conceit,
And back to the golf bag come."

W. C. S.

At the Aero Exhibition at Olympia, which closes to-day, may be seen the extraordinary advance made in aeronautics. At each stage of practical realisation the majority have said: "We can go no further; this is the maximum accomplishment." They said it concerning the results of the glider experiments in the nineties; they said it when Langley, that great pioneer and thinker to whom modern aeronautics owes so much, built his wonderful steam aeroplane; they said it when Santos Dumont really flew for thirty yards. The story was the same after the publication of the Wrights' results, and again after the Rheims Meeting. The dictum was always: "Oh, the aeroplane must remain a toy; it can never become practical." But this pronouncement has never been heard by the creators, the dreamers who make their dream come true; and at the Aero Exhibition the cry still goes up: "This must be the end." To-morrow we shall wake to find the pioneers far ahead.

Captain Percy Scott, who showed splendid self-control at the most critical point which could occur in any man's career, had disciplined himself to hard and methodical work with the pen during the course of his expedition. Commander Evans has cabled a message to the effect that Captain Scott left his diaries in complete form, and that his photographic films have turned out excellently. These will be brought home by Commander Evans when he arrives in this country about the end of April. The public will thus have an opportunity of learning the exact story of this tragic expedition in the homely yet expressive language of its leader. The serial rights of publication in this country, both of Captain Scott's personal description and the photographs of the expedition, have been acquired by the proprietors of the *Strand Magazine*, and will appear in its pages at as early a date as can be arranged.

HERON PHOTOGRAPHY.

THAT there is a certain strange charm about a heronry, nobody who has ever visited one will, I think, deny; and to the naturalist gazing up at the huge nests there comes a desire to climb to one of these marvellous structures, in order to examine at close quarters the way in which it has been fashioned, as well as the wonderful blue eggs or shaggy crested youngsters that it may



C. W. R. Knight. ALIGHTING ON THE NEST. Copyright.

contain. When this aim has been achieved, the possibility of obtaining a photographic record of one of the nests and its contents may present itself, and in that case the photographer will impatiently look forward to the day when he will endeavour to fix his camera on the topmost branch of one of the trees in order to focus it on to some nest with a suitable background. He will find, however, that to obtain satisfactory photographs of the birds is an extremely difficult matter; first, because they build their nests in trees that are often inaccessible even to a climber in the pink of condition; and, secondly, for the reason that they are exceedingly wary, more so perhaps even than rooks; in fact, the first appearance of the camera fixed in position, be it ever so well hidden with twigs or foliage, generally suffices to keep the bird from returning to anywhere within fifty yards of the nest. To place an immature heron on a piece of damp meadow or elsewhere, photograph it, and call the result "a heron on the feeding-grounds," is easily and apparently frequently done; but in order to get photographs of the birds in natural poses it is necessary to expend a good deal of both labour and time.

The following may prove interesting as giving some idea of the circumstances under which the accompanying photographs

were obtained. Early on the morning of April 20th last year the first attempt was made to obtain a negative of the bird walking on to her eggs; and at about nine o'clock the camera was placed in position, securely fastened to a branch slightly higher than the nest, and covered with twigs, so that it should look as much as possible like a nest. Having focussed the nest, a trial exposure was made and the dark slide then withdrawn. During these operations my brother, who was assisting me, had constructed a rough shelter near the foot of the tree in which, entirely hidden from view, he could watch the nest in order to release the shutter at the right moment by means of a string attachment. Making my way into a distant meadow, I selected a position from which a good view of the nest and its vicinity could be obtained, and anxiously waited for half-an-hour or so before the expected bird appeared. She first settled on the top of an oak tree some fifty yards from the nest and, after a careful scrutiny of her surroundings, spread her great wings and planed gracefully to within a few feet of the nest, then, checking her impetus with a few strong beats of her wings, she eventually landed on the edge of the nest.

With the aid of glasses I could see that she was standing with her head erect, which position I thought a good one for an exposure. Seeing her suddenly leave the nest in alarm, I naturally supposed that my brother had released the shutter, and therefore hurried back to climb the tree once more and change the dark slide. To my disgust I found that no exposure had



C. W. R. Knight. Copyright. RETURNING TO HER NEWLY-HATCHED CHICKS.

*C. W. R. Knight.*

ABOUT TO COVER HER EGGS.

Copyright.

been made, the bird having left the nest the moment that the string was tightened. Something obviously was amiss. I therefore climbed up to the camera, and found that when the string was tightened it caused a twig over which it passed to

move slightly, which slight disturbance aroused the mistrust of the suspicious bird. Having rectified this oversight, I returned to the meadow, and again watched the bird return, after a considerable period, to her perch on the oak tree, whence she

*C. W. R. Knight.*

COVERING HER EGGS.

Copyright.



C. W. R. Knight. MALE HERON ON THE NEST WITH FEMALE IN THE BACKGROUND.

Copyright.

soon soared back to her nest. An exposure was made just as she commenced to subside on to her eggs, the sound of the shutter causing her to fly off the nest in a state of terrible consternation, and though she soon returned to continue the incubation of her eggs, we did not attempt to obtain another photograph until about four in the afternoon.

It is a strange fact that in many villages in Kent there is a firm belief, more especially, perhaps, among the elder inhabitants, that the heron builds its nest with two holes in it, through which the bird can poke its ungainly legs; and while speaking of herons' nests, it may be noted that various authorities assert that the bird lines its nest with grass, wool, turf, moss and occasionally rags; but though I have looked into dozens of herons' nests, I have never

yet found one to be lined with anything but sticks, twigs or bracken stems.

On the following week the eggs had all safely hatched and four young herons held possession of the nest. When everything had been arranged as on the previous week, I returned to my point of vantage in the meadow, and after waiting for nearly an hour noticed four or five herons coming in from the marshes towards the heronry, one of them making for the nest we had focussed, and landing, it seemed to me, near the edge of it. Just then I saw a second bird flying towards our nest, and I fervently hoped that my brother would not make an exposure until both birds were on the nest. The second bird, which, by its brighter plumage, I could see was the male, settled behind the female, and for a while they sat together, flapping



C. W. R. Knight.

WHERE'S THE DINNER?

Copyright.



C. W. R. Knight.

YOUNG HERONS PLAYING AT "FEEDING TIME."

Copyright.

their wings and making a peculiar croaking noise, the male bird then going, without any hesitation, straight on to the nest. I waited breathlessly, expecting both to fly away in alarm as soon as the shutter was released. Nothing happened, however, and a fear took possession of me that the string had caught or that the shutter had jammed. Just then a third heron—a female—put in its appearance and, strangely enough, settled within ten yards of the nest. Every moment I expected that one of our birds would take to flight before a photograph could be obtained, but when at last all three birds went off at the same instant, I judged correctly that the "flap" of the shutter had startled them. The reason that my brother had waited so long before pulling the string was that the male bird only was on the nest, the female perching among the branches some ten feet or so behind it, and he, like myself, had hoped that both of them would go on. Why the third bird should have settled so close to the nest I cannot say, as it was quite a long way from the rest of the colony, but possibly it hoped to learn something of domestic economy.

Having returned to my brother and discussed our chances of success, I managed, after a short wait, to get an interesting picture of the female bird as she reached the nest, and just before she settled. We then took down the camera, and did not worry the birds until May 28th, when, as will be seen by the illustrations, the young ones had grown enormously and were inclined, when

approached, to scramble out of the nest on to the surrounding branches. They had grown sufficiently to realise (or imagine) danger, each of them disgorging any undigested portions of the most recent meal, which in the case of one of them consisted of a full-grown and entire redshank. This is the first occasion on which I have known them to have swallowed birds, though they will not unfrequently swallow a mole or water-rat. This habit of disgorging their food is no doubt due to the fact that when pursued by a bird of prey the heron lightens itself as much as possible, and the young birds when in danger instinctively do likewise. On this occasion some good photographs were obtained of the young birds in characteristic poses, preening themselves, exercising their wings, etc., though it was necessary to wait for a long time, as each time the dark slide was changed these youngsters would crouch flat in the nest and remain so for quite half-an-hour before standing up in the usual serene way.

We had hoped to have obtained a photograph of them being fed by the parent bird; but though the camera was fixed up at 4.30 a.m. and not taken down till about 5 p.m., the old bird did not once go on to the nest. Half-an-hour after we had removed the camera, however, we saw her from the distance standing among her clamorous youngsters.

The last photograph that we took on this day is remarkable, as it shows one of the youngsters with his beak down another's

throat. When this exposure was made the light was beginning to fail and, giving up all hope of getting the old bird on the nest, we released the shutter, though at the time we had no idea of what was actually going on.

I was exceptionally anxious to get a photograph of the bird in the act of feeding her large offspring, as I had once watched a heron as she came in laden with food from the marshes, the youngsters setting up their usual demoniacal cries the moment they caught sight of her. She made straight for the nest, and alighted on the edge of it before the row of screaming youngsters who were almost ready to fly. For a moment she



C. W. R. Knight.

OUT OF DANGER.

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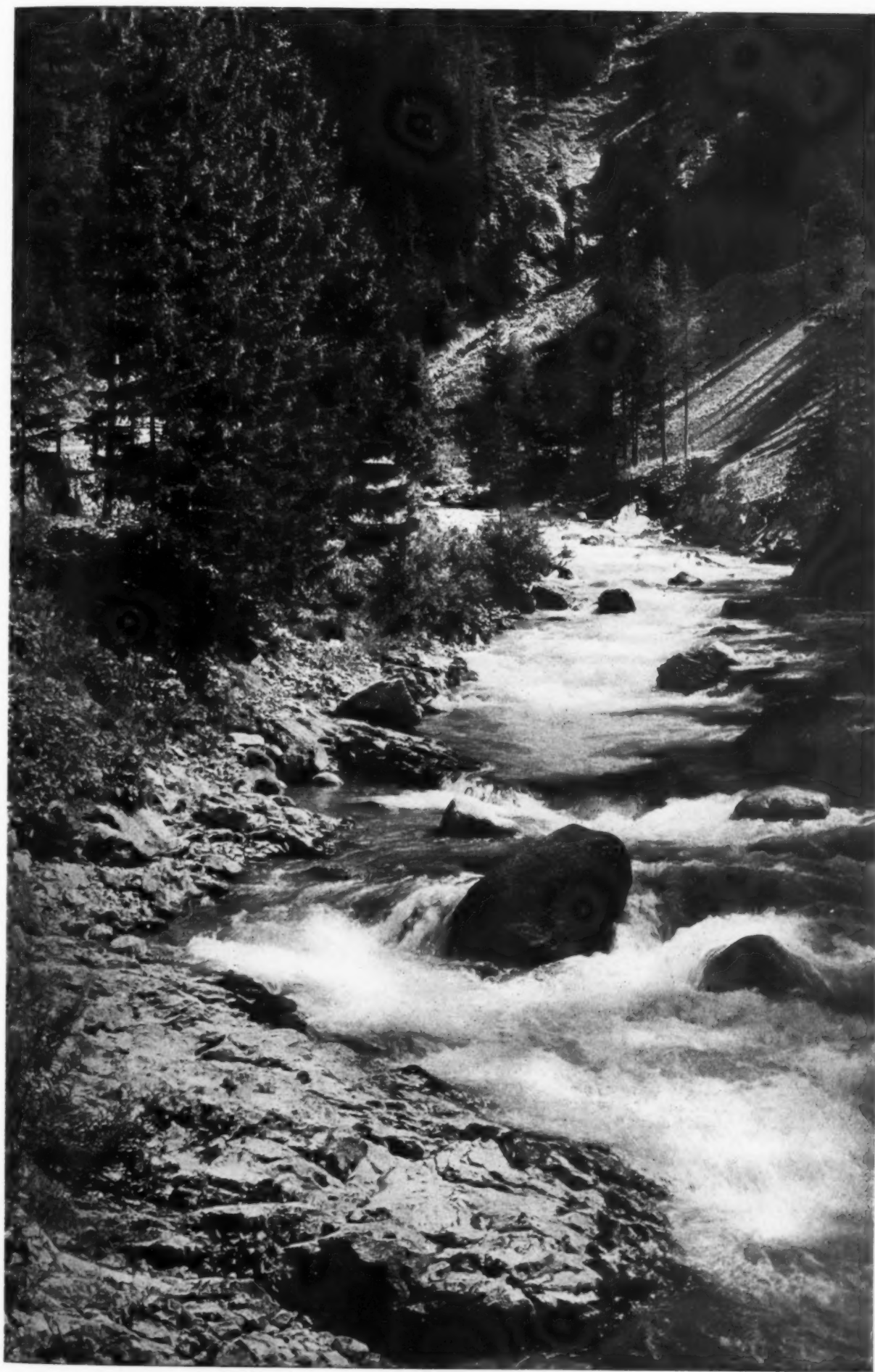
stood bolt upright, with her neck outstretched and beak pointing to the sky; then, with a retching movement, she lowered her head and, with her tail pointing upwards, discharged her cargo of food into the nest, the youngsters immediately greedily gobbling it up. However, one cannot always obtain all that one may desire; for in spite of the fact that certain authorities have stated that the young are reared at the end of August, we found, when preparing for a final attempt on July 31st to obtain a photograph of the old bird performing her maternal duties, that every young bird in the heronry had flown.

C. W. R. KNIGHT.

THE WET FLY IN SPRING.

WITH the month of daffodils, the trout-fisherman once more takes up his fly-rod, and, with that hopefulness so characteristic of the gentle craft, looks forward to a better season than the last. This is, *par excellence*, the time for the novice. He need not yet trouble himself about the more scientific cult of the dry fly, nor spend time in entomological research to ascertain the exact fly coming down; for the trout, when they mean business, will not be ultra-particular, as they will later on. They are now rather out of condition, and unable to put up anything like the fight they will in May, as they are only recuperating after spawning operations and the buffetings of winter floods; but hungry they will certainly be, and so much off their guard that at no time of the season are the prospects of the learner more bright. I would ask him, then, to note that in their present weakened condition trout chiefly populate the tails of the stickles and all shallowish broken runs and glides where there is a moderate flow, rather than the more rapid places, which they can stem with ease later on. And, save in sluggish streams, these are haunts in which to seek them, wherever the force of the water is not unduly strong. Bearing this in mind, all light rippling runs should be carefully fished, and in deeper ones, where the main strength of the current is in the centre, the less violent edges of the rush are likely to repay search. Where wading is necessary—and it is always an advantage—there is no occasion to make a track like a motor-launch, which not only puts down fish, but is unfair to anglers coming after. The old hand enters quietly at the tail of a run, and gradually works upward as silently as possible. Remembering that trout invariably lie facing the current, it will be obvious that fishing up stream is always desirable. If trying the same stretch down again, selected spots can be similarly fished up. Assuming that the novice knows something of throwing a fly, I need only suggest using as short a line as will cover the place to be tried, since the electric touch of a fish travels all the quicker to the hand; the less line out, the more immediate the strike. Where longer casts are necessary, line can be increased and more readily got out by pulling off some slack, confining it in the left hand, and letting go as the rod straightens out on the completion of the cast. In windy weather, the overhead casting is better exchanged for side deliveries, in which the rod is carried almost parallel with the ground. When trees or scrub, etc., behind the fisherman prevent the full backward movement of the line, switch casting may be tried. The rod is raised without withdrawing all the line from the water, and turned over with a vigorous forward wrist effort towards the desired spot, which will withdraw the flies and drop them as required. A little practice will perfect this often necessary manœuvre. Up stream casting is for many reasons preferable to the more easy but less remunerative down stream style. Throw first across and slightly up, picking off the flies when they travel just below the angler's position, then a little further up, and so on until a cast directly up stream is delivered. In this procedure

the line will be shortened as casts are made more and more up, and as the flies will be coming down towards the fisherman, he will raise his rod, and pull in slack to obviate the bellying of the descending line and keep in touch with rising fish. The main reasons for this up stream method will surely commend themselves. Natural insects do not swim against the current, but are carried down by it. Semi-drowned flies go the same way, and even the pupæ ascending from the bottom to assume sub-imago life are subject to the force of the flow downwards. So, then, should we present our imitations. Again, since trout always



E. S. Hervey.

NO SOUND SAVE THE RUSH OF THE RIVER.

Copyright.

face the current, by striking down, the hook is driven into their mouths instead of being constantly pulled out by striking up, as in down stream fishing.

The strike should never be violent, merely a firm, decisive turn over of the wrist. Trout rarely hook themselves in up stream work, and the angler must rely on his ready initiative for success. He would, of course, strike on the touch of a fish, but he may also do so when a trout breaks the water over where his flies are travelling without feeling

are only pricked and rendered hook-shy. In early spring a rise of trout is usually very capricious. One may come on with startling suddenness, and end just as abruptly. The angler will, therefore, do well to keep a sharp look-out, and work hard while a rise is on. It often happens that there is little or no sign of activity. In these circumstances, especially if early in the day, the trout are probably feeding on the nymphs hatching out from their larval state at the bottom, and the case may be met by fishing the artificials

as deeply as possible with a slow jerking motion. Buzz-flies are best for this, with little hackle, and if winged patterns are mounted, the wings should be pinched off. As a rule, the most likely hours for early spring fishing will be between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. As the afternoon wanes, rises are scarcely to be looked for. As to the most favourable weather, warmish settled grey days are almost always good, with a breeze from the south or south-west, and days with alternate cloud and sun, a reasonably high temperature and recurrent showers. It is of little use to keep flogging away at deeps and salmon pools for spring trout; the lighter and more brisk water is much more likely to help fill the pannier. Should a good trout be hooked, feel him at first, and, if necessary, allow him to run, provided he does not make for any dangerous obstacle. There need be no hurry; keep up a steady but not unduly hard strain, and do not attempt to use the landing-net till the fish is quite played out. Nothing scares a trout more than having the net thrust at him, and many a one escapes in a final struggle which would have been killed (and eaten) had care been exercised. Netting is quite simple. The ring, half submerged, is held steadily until the head and shoulders of the exhausted trout are well over it; it is then raised at once, but quietly. Whenever a hooked fish leaps out of water, the safest course is to *instantly* touch the surface with the top of the rod, rather towards the trout, otherwise the hold is very likely to give, if not the gut to snap, as the trout strikes it with his tail. It is unnecessary to keep on perpetually jigging one's flies; a few undulating movements to impart a little life are all that is required, though the first dropper may, in the shorter casts, be skipped upon the surface with effect.

I think no more than three flies should be mounted on a three-yard cast, roughly, about two and three-quarter yards apart. The following patterns can be relied upon with certainty for any stream during March and April: Maxwell's Red, Maxwell's Blue, Pheasant Tail, Gold-ribbed Hare's Ear, Half Stone, Blue Dun and Common Hare's Lug. I should suggest that all the above be tied "buzz," i.e., only hackle flies. If the water is slightly tinted, at least one fly should be gold-ribbed.

G. GARROW-GREEN.



WHERE THE BIG ONES LIE.

anything. This is often a lucky hit, and another excellent tip is to watch the line and, if it suddenly straightens, to strike promptly, as in all probability a trout has seized a fly. The down stream angler throws a longer line, which is allowed to travel with the stream below his position until it is directly below him. All his strikes are consequently made up stream, which tend to snatch the fly from a rising fish, whose nose is, of course, pointed up towards him. In this style whatever trout are hooked chiefly hook themselves, but the majority



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

JOHN GAUNT.

BY

ELIZABETH KIRK.



JOHN GAUNT, the scribbler, worked far into the night. Under the writer's hand the quill squeaked and whistled, guided by fertile brain and busy fingers. This was a race for life. A little fire was in the grate, but it burnt low, and a dirty white ash testified to the poverty of the fuel. The lamp was turned down, and its fumes pervaded the tiny room; but on the hob sang a kettle, and the song of the kettle and squeak of the quill were the only things that stirred the desolate silence. A cough from the other side of the partition, hollow and short. The scribbler flung aside the pen, and, conjuring a smile to lips and eyes, opened the door.

"What! still awake? and coughing again! Bad boy! How shall I punish you?"

The man on the couch held out his arms, and his eyes implored. "Meg! Come to me. There—so!" He leaned his head against the scribbler's shoulders, and coughed till he was spent. Then he smiled, the heroic smile of the patient sufferer, and looked up.

"Meg," he told her, "I'm better. I cough less every day. I breathe more easily, too. Give me a week to get over this attack, and we'll chuck work and worry to the winds and go to the sea! It'll make another man of me."

She held him in her strong, kind arms. "I don't want you to be another man," she laughed. "I want you just your own self, but strong and well. I mightn't love the other man, you see."

She sat beside him, the gayest of gay birds; no sorrow in her tone, no shadow in her eyes; not a tremble of the lips nor a quiver of her chin, though her heart was near to breaking. She brought in the singing kettle and made his lemon water, comforting and refreshing him while he drank, till at last he dozed off to sleep again. Then she shaded the lamp light from his eyes and went back to the adjoining room. The quill resumed its work beneath "John Gaunt's" slim fingers. The scribbler wrote till faint streaks of rose and grey showed on the horizon; but with the dawn of a new day the pen was laid aside and the sheets of paper hidden away. Then she turned in to her rest, to sleep as a tired-out human creature can sleep; her white arms above her head, her lips parted, her breath coming and going easily, almost silently. She neither dreamed nor tossed nor turned. Margaret Falcolner was working for money, not to spend on ribbons or jewels, but to save a life! the life of the man she loved, the man who for one year had been her husband; and she burned, ungrudgingly, the midnight oil to earn it. Money was the one thing, so she was told, which could restore him.

"If we could get the boy to a better climate, the South of France, say, we could save his life. He'll not stand another English winter. Come, Mrs. Falcolner, have you no one to whom you can appeal?"

Meg looked the kind old doctor in the eyes. "No one," she answered.

"Yet I see that old Mr. Fournier has just given a thousand to head a subscription list for one of the richest hospitals in London. Come, now! He's the lad's own godfather; try old Fournier, Mrs. Falcolner."

Margaret smiled, but the smile was wan. "It's no good," she said. "You see, Doctor, in this case there wouldn't be a subscription list! Besides, I daren't. He's cut Jack off. We don't speak of him. I can't ask a favour of the man I hate more than any other man in the world, can I?"

"Put it another way, my friend," said the doctor. "Put it another way. Is it reasonable to hate the man who holds your husband's destiny in his purse? There! Think that over. Come! Come! A bit of humble pie won't choke you, and it sometimes leaves a very sweet taste in the mouth. Try it, Mrs. Falcolner; try it." Then he went.

Meg ate the pie next day. She literally knelt at old Mr. Fournier's feet. He was an ugly, common, withered little old man. His cheeks were seamed, his mouth drooped sideways, and a squint lurked in his cunning eyes. The rupture of a tiny vessel in his brain had left its inevitable mark, a forerunner of worse to come. Meg, in the heyday of youth, handsome and witty, went down on her knees to this old man.

"Now," chuckled old Mr. Fournier, well pleased to have her at his feet ("the right place for a woman to take who had a favour

to ask!") "now, miss, what do you want?"

For an instant her temper was roused, but she checked it. "I'm not Miss, I'm Mrs. Falcolner," she said. Then she wept out her story and begged as Meg could beg for his help.

He listened unmoved.

Meg loved. "He didn't believe in love."

Jack would die. "As we all must. The common lot of frail humanity," he said, with a semblance of piety.

But . . . she needed him. "With her good looks and fine figure she could easily replace him." And he leered into her eyes.

There was a pause then, while she rallied her forces to make a last claim. "As you hope for mercy yourself, Mr. Fournier."

"I don't," said Mr. Fournier, "and that's the end of it. Now, my dear, we'll consider this interview at an end. Give me a kiss and go."

But the kiss was not bestowed, and Meg had gone. Going home, she faced hard facts. She must have money. How to get it?

The first temptation was a memory of her proverbial luck at cards, but she thrust it aside. Luck was but a fickle friend at best. Suddenly she stayed her steps outside a bookshop. The windows were packed with books, good, bad and indifferent. Meg had added materially to the upkeep of the house by short-story writing, but quondam guineas were quite inadequate to present needs. Why not try a book? The luck that followed her at cards might follow her here. Why not try a book? Her mind travelled as fast as her feet as she sped homewards. She remembered advice once given and taken to heart. "If you want to write, have first of all something to say, then say it." Well! she had something to say and would say it. She purchased a ream of scribbling paper and hurried home.

She had previously used her own name, but this was a case in which a pen-name was obviously an essential. She tried a few, "Millicent Grant," "Richard Herriot," "John Gaunt," and thought the last would do. A title. Now she bit the feather of the quill, and cogitated, while a smile hovered about her lips. "The Man Who Pays," "Filthy Lucre," "Destiny in a Cheque Book," "Gold Dust." She decided on "Gold Dust." "Gold Dust," by John Gaunt. Then she scribbled away.

So we found her, burning the midnight oil, pitting her powers against disease and death. Her "copy," of course, was old Mr. Fournier, as she saw him, the man whose boast lay in riches, and riches only. The man who, with his cheque book, swayed the destinies of all who fell within his power. It was said of old Mr. Fournier that he had once nearly changed his name, because "F" was six letters down the subscription lists! She made use of the remembrance. She knew, too, of young aspirants whom he had started in life. Some had been content to swim with his tide, drawn by degrees into his current: these had come safely to port, "floated" by "Old Fournier." Some had struck out for wider seas, but had most surely been drowned—sunk by "Old Fournier." She drew pictures from his domestic and social life—drew them as they had been revealed to her, and with the writing of the book her hatred of the old man who had inspired it strengthened. Once the degradation of her position assailed her, and over the dying embers of a fire she held the sheets of paper that contained the labour of many days and nights. Then she remembered and withdrew her hand. "For the sake of the man she loved."

At last it was finished! Reading it through, Meg both laughed and cried. She wondered whether it would touch other people just so. She was not clated. The incidents, most of them, were drawn from life; she had but reproduced them. She was, however, happy and hopeful. The "placing" of the book was a different matter, and hope dwindled and died, but was always revived. At last her chance came. She had an offer, curiously, so she thought, from an old college friend of her husband's; he said some kind things about the book, and offered her a price at which she almost literally jumped. She hugged the cheque to her bosom, and realised that her work had not been in vain; a cheque is a very tangible thing. Besides, "royalties" would follow, if the book had a sale. Within a month of that time they were at Moulleau, a village on the "silver coast" of France. They found a "villa," a little,

red-roofed, white-painted house, between pine woods and sea. The garden was rich in flowers, all aglow. Mimosas and pink almond trees gave out such a fragrance on the air that Meg breathed it in, entranced. "He must get well! He shall get well!" she told herself; and as for Jack, he had never doubted it!

She moved about the house and garden in an ecstasy. Money could do everything! The money she had earned. Meg walked on stilts for a time, then came down suddenly. She listened to her husband's judgment on the book, and sank beneath it. She was profligate with her flowers: violets for the rooms, for her bosom, for Jack's button-hole! Mimosa for the rooms, because of its seductive scents. Almond she gathered sparingly, lest she should rob the garden of too much colour. Coming in, one day, with her arms filled, she paused and stood a moment, uncertain whether to stay or go. Jack was reading: the name of the book was "Gold Dust," and the author "John Gaunt." So she knew that her time had come. She took a low seat at his side, and, leaning near him, asked, "Do you like the book?" He shook his head.

"Why not?" There was challenge in her tone.

"Why not? Oh! because I don't. Of course, it's not really the work of a man; and a woman—a nice woman, I mean—

couldn't write like this." He tapped the cover of the book with his finger.

"But . . . a woman, surely, may write as she sees."

"A woman shouldn't see like this," was the reply. "A woman should see through eyes of compassion, Meg, and pity such a miserable old scamp! Think, we'll say, of old Mr. Fournier. You and I have good reason to resent some of his actions; but fancy how I should feel if you could ever bring yourself to write of him like . . . this! No; a woman's sweetest attribute is her charity, and when she grows merciless . . ."

Meg answered slowly. "But the woman wrote for money."

"Oh, shocking! Now you make her every bit as bad as her 'copy'! She, like him, puts gold first. She's not in a position to throw stones, don't you see, Meg?"

Meg did see, but with a difference, and in that difference lay her plea. She was, however, so near to tears that she rose and slipped behind her husband that he might not see them. But the pretence failed, and he heard the break in her voice as she bent over to kiss his forehead. "Of course I see, but . . . but . . . she didn't want the money for herself, silly boy! It was the price of a life, the life of the man she loved. Don't you see, dear? Ah! don't you see?"

Then he both saw and understood, and told her so, kneeling

THE SWISS AND THEIR ENGLISH VISITORS

SWITZERLAND is so much the playground of England and so swarms with one's compatriots, especially in winter, that it is hard to believe one is really in a foreign country. Rather, it seems as if some beneficent

fairy had been at work, transforming our rainy, wind-swept island into a land of still and glamorous beauty, making the little hills into great mountains, which cleave a jagged line across the deep blue sky, where the sun reigns in full supremacy. How strange it seems! These unwonted surroundings, and yet English people everywhere, and scarcely any language heard but our own! But the sight of the silent, reserved and rather sad-looking peasant-folk, who go about their business paying but little heed to those aliens who have invaded their country in hordes, is a reminder that one is not inhabiting an enchanted England. What do they think of us, these peasants? It is hard to say, for men of the mountains are never communicative. Theirs is the silence of great spaces, of hard toil and little reward, of sudden death to be faced

in many forms. Their philosophy is one of deeds, not words. Always ready to help in emergency, they will not readily talk about themselves. Of courteous habit, they still hold themselves aloof. With their taciturnity goes caution, born perhaps of the

necessity to be for ever on their guard against the dangers lurking in those great mountains, which over shadow them from their day of birth till death. And so, without some common ground of interest, one may not hope to know much of the lives of these peasant-folk, who, in their dress of black, which is the colour most favoured by both men and women, make sombre, mournful figures against the whiteness of the all-pervading snow. Once I got on to friendly terms with a milkman, whose churn, carried on his back, attracted my attention. The sight is a common one, but it was my first visit to Switzerland. He was unusually talkative for one of his race, and mightily interested in England. "You must all be very rich," he said, and sighed enviously. I protested. "You must be," he retorted, "or you couldn't come out here to amuse yourselves for several weeks."



T. G. Waltham.

THE POST SLEIGH.

Copyright.



A SWISS MILKMAN.

chilly work! In the evening after the sun has gone down, or in the morning long before daybreak, they are busy scraping and flooding the ice in order to keep the surface good. And the thermometer—heaven knows how many degrees below zero! After a thaw, they must be ready, when it starts freezing again, to turn out at any moment of the day or night to play the hose on the rink. It is strange to hear the swish of water, and to know they are out there in the dead of a freezing night, and we, the "idle rich," so snug in bed! Not for me such shivering work, unless rewarded with much fine gold! But they are glad to do it for a few francs.

Apart from work in connection with the visitors' amusements, the men devote a great deal of their time during the long winter months, when there is not much outdoor work doing, to carpentry and wood-carving. Who has not brought back to England a penholder, inkstand or what not, made of wood and adorned with an eagle, a bear or the figure of a bear or a chamois? Their home-made furniture is often both massive and handsome. Some of the chalets, especially the older ones, are richly carved outside and in, and painted, too,

You would have to work like us." Evidently we strike the Swiss as being a nation of "idle rich," and certainly, compared to them, we are. For their lives appear to be desperately hard and toilsome. It is only the hotel and shopkeepers and their like who reap the rich harvest of English gold. The peasants, it is true, have extra employment in the winter, but labour is cheap. Many of them, for instance, look after the rinks and ice-runs. But what

thus giving expression to the artistic impulse of those who built them. Well do I remember how one of great beauty and antiquity was burnt down in Kandersteg one winter when I was staying there. It was late in the afternoon, and I was trying to ski on a slope behind the village, when I heard the sudden sound of horns. Looking up (and falling down in consequence), I perceived a dense volume of smoke and flames issuing from a chalet not far away. I hastily removed my ski (at that stage merely an impediment) and hurried down the road, along which men were scurrying and blowing horns to summon others as they ran. On rounding a corner, I came upon the chalet. Water was being played on



EVEN BABIES RIDE ON RUNNERS!

it by pumps worked by hand, for there was no proper engine. Eventually the fire was put out before it had quite destroyed the building. There was no excitement or fluster. Just the men doing their duty and a quiet crowd watching. How bitterly cold it was! There were icicles hanging from the burning house, as the water ran off its sloping roof. Lying about in the snow was such furniture as it had been possible to save, and the family grouped round it, seeming quite unmoved. But the Swiss are a calm people.

The domestic arrangements, at least in the remoter valleys, are distinctly primitive, except for the almost universal electric light. It is strange to see the roughest of cattle-sheds, with no modern contrivances, and often unclean beyond description, lit up with electric light. And the single, comfortless sitting-room, swarming with ragged children and a medley of domestic



T. G. Wailham.

BRINGING DOWN THE HAY IN WINTER.

Copyright.

animals—cats, dogs, chickens, pigs, goats—has its one or more electric globes.

I am sorry for the cattle in winter. They must have a very dull time, for they are shut up, with the exception of an occasional constitutional, until spring has melted the snow.

Now and then one sees a mournful procession of cows, huddled close together, or a train of inconsequent pigs, most vexing to anyone on ski. Their vagaries, however, are somewhat checked by the depth of snow on each side of the track, into which they are careful not to plunge more than once. But they make up for this renunciation by firmly refusing every now and then to budge; or, with sudden determination, they try to bolt back.

On the roads and beaten tracks, sleighs and luges are the only means, other than pedestrian, of locomotion. Even the smallest children have their little home-made toboggans, which they steer with amazing skill. Boys have a partiality for skating down the roads in a way that seems as dangerous as it must be bumpy.



T. G. Waltham

Copyright

A TWO TO ONE CHANCE WITH AN UNRULY PIG.

But it behoves them early to learn control of their limbs, for he who lives in a mountainous district must be nimble of foot and sure of balance.

One realises this necessity when a sleigh, laden with wood or hay, flashes down a forest track, with its sharp zigzags and precipitous sides. These sleighs can travel at a tremendous pace, and the man, as he sits in front on one side, steers and brakes with his foot. One error in judgment, and he may be crushed like an egg-shell by the sleigh running over him, or he may be hurled over the edge of the track to instant death.

Yes; theirs is a hard and hardy life, in which the fit only can survive. The number of accidents which befall them from one cause or another is appalling. But they accept them with habitual philosophy. And the women, too, work very hard, though one sees them but rarely out of doors, except when they shop or go to Mass. Hardship and toil age them very rapidly. But they have their revelries of a Saturday or Sunday night. Then there is singing and music or dance. But one can only guess of the spirit that is in them, and what they think of life.

Dearly would we like to know, also, what our passive hosts think of us English folk, not very much, I fear, except that we are idle and generous with our money! At least they bear our invasion without obvious resentment.

HELEN HAMILTON.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

RENT AND LABOUR.

IN arriving at the rental value of a farm, there are many points to be considered apart from the question of the law of supply and demand. Some of the chief factors that rule the rental value of farms are as follows: The fertility of the soil, the cleanliness of the land, the distance from a station and a town, the suitability, position and state of repair of the farmhouse and farm buildings, the number of cottages let with the farm, the proportion of arable and grass, the situation of the various fields (whether they are scattered or in a ring fence, and if they are adjoining a hard road), the water supply, the drainage, the rates and terms of the agreement. Provided, however, a sufficient number of farm labourers are obtainable, the question as to what is their nominal daily wage in that particular district is not a matter of great importance, the reason being that the actual amount earned by farm labourers per annum varies very slightly all over England. I live in a district where 12s. per week is the nominal wage of the ordinary farm labourer, but his average earnings are between 16s. and 17s. a week, and he pays from 1s. to 1s. 6d. a week for his cottage and garden. Horsekeepers, stockmen and shepherds are paid 2s. per week more, and they have their cottages rent free. In my locality the farms are chiefly arable, and to encourage the farm hands to get the corn in the stack as quickly as possible at harvest-time they are paid £8 per man harvest wages; this is for three to four weeks' work. During the rest of the year the labourer is paid extra wages when drilling, threshing and carting grain and for numerous other operations. Every opportunity, too, is given to him to work at "piece or task work," and an industrious and skilled labourer can earn considerably more than 16s. to 17s. per week. Where a holding is situated a long distance from a village, and there are not sufficient cottages on it to house the farm hands, then, of course, the rental value of such a holding is depreciated. On such a farm the tenant only gets the less skilled or less desirable hands, the best men getting work near their homes. There is no item of farm expenditure that brings in less return than paying for unskilled labour. Not only have tenants of such out-of-the-way farms to put up with inferior workmen, but because the latter have to trudge long distances to and fro night and morning they are at work less time per day. For example, take a farmer employing twenty men; if they lose one hour per day at 3d. an hour it amounts to 5s. per day. A man who is engaged at manual labour all day does not want to indulge in a walk of two or three miles every morning and evening, added to which gentle exercise he is supposed to fill in what is ironically called his spare time digging his garden, allotment or small holding. I do not quite see how an ideal minimum wage for farm labourers can be arrived at until it is first settled (1) what is the minimum percentage on his capital that the landlord ought fairly to take; (2) what is the minimum wage the farmer ought to have for his work; (3) what is the minimum interest a farmer ought to obtain on his capital. I give below my estimate of the average income which a landlord and tenant on a 500-acre arable farm may expect, with good management, and the annual amount of the labour bill on such a farm:

	£	s.	d.
Landlord's gross rent of £500:—net about			
3 per cent. on his capital	335	0	0
Tenant's minimum wage for his work ..	100	0	0
Plus 5 per cent. on his capital of £4,000,			
or, say, 7½ per cent. on his capital,			
allowing nothing for his management			
of the farm	200	0	0
The labour bill at 33s. per acre	825	0	0

If the labour bill is to be increased, it must come from either the landlord or the tenant. Can either afford it? If the rent was only £250 a year, the labour bill would be the same. Many persons do not realise that out of the total annual expenditure on an arable farm from one-fifth to one-third is spent on manual labour, according to the system of farming. What will be the result if a minimum wage for agricultural labourers is fixed, and if the amount fixed is higher than the business of farming can afford? Much of the land which now grows corn will once again revert to grass. Other land will be left down with lucerne and sainfoin, crops that thrive for four or five years and cost hardly anything for manual labour. Hedges will be allowed to grow up, ditches will not be cleaned out and on heavy land no under-draining will be done. Agriculture, which is gradually recovering in England, will return to the state it was in from ten to twenty years ago. The first class to suffer will be the farm labourers, unless trade in towns booms sufficiently to find employment for them. On nearly every

farm at the present time men are employed who are past their prime, or who are infirm, or who for some reason or other are not capable of performing a full day's work. Perhaps, strictly speaking, it is not "business" for the farmer to employ such men, but if they live in the same village, what can he do but find them work so long as he can afford it? If, however, the farmer is compelled to reduce the number of his workmen because the rate of pay is too high, those who are incapable of performing a full day's work will be the first to go; afterwards, if the weekly labour bill is still more than the business can stand, some of the able-bodied men will be discharged. The only way to get more labourers on the land and to have a contented peasantry is to first help agriculture generally. The better land is farmed the larger the wages bill. The more acres that it pays to cultivate as arable, the more money there is paid in wages. The more skilled the labourer, the higher wage he earns. Any scheme which can be devised by which the farm labourer can be taught and encouraged to perform his various tasks in a skilful manner would not only raise his earnings but increase his employer's profits. Land Courts can help no one. They would cut both ways; some rents would be reduced, but I have no doubt that in many cases they would raise rents. W.

A YEOMAN'S VIEW.

Perhaps there are not many men who can state that they still cultivate some of the land their fathers have held for five hundred years without any intervention, except the necessities of bad times, good times, the usual shake up and portion out when the father of the family decided that he had had sufficient of this world, and left it to younger men to carry on the work. A family thus fixed

to a locality must have a greater knowledge of the state of agriculture in that part than men that come in, stay a while and then leave. The changes in my own district are very great. The village in which I reside consists mainly of small holders. We have not a large resident landowner. There is one non-resident who owns two farms. There are a few yeomen like myself who till their own soil and rent a few acres when they come into the market, and probably buy in the end if they have capital enough to do so. In my younger days four-fifths of the land was under wheat; last year, I believe, only two acres of wheat were grown and a few odd pieces of oats in order to provide a rotation from roots. Thus it will be seen how root cultivation alone has altered the labour and rent or yeoman's interest. In such a village we generally get some land coming into the market. A family move, or die out, and their little ownership comes into the market, either privately or by auction, as the land market is quite open, because there is no large landowner to increase his estate. I can well remember when the fields sold from £80 to £100 per acre, also the period of depression when land was quite unsaleable, or at most drew bids of £10 per acre. For comparative purposes let us put the rental at 5 per cent. On the fields bought previous to the depression this ought to be £5 per acre; on fields bought during the depression, 10s. Since then, of course, there has been a turn of the tide and values have somewhat increased; but within the last two years I have purchased fourteen and a-half acres of land at less than four acres of the same land cost thirty-five years ago. Thus it will be seen that the only result of much subdivision is high rentals and a gradually lowering capital value. E. W.

ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

FOUL STROKES AND THEIR DETECTION.

JUDGING by the number of letters that I have received about an article that I wrote, with illustrations, showing the impressions that the ball made on the painted face of a club when different kinds of stroke were played with it, it would appear that the idea struck a great many people with the force of novelty, and also that it struck them as an idea that was full of illumination. All varieties of view on the subject, and on the idea, have been expressed by the correspondents; but one of the points which all seem to have missed is its educative value. If it can show you a certain impression on the club face, and if you know that this impression is produced by a certain stroke, and by no other, then you may know whether you have played the stroke that you were intending to play or have somewhat failed in it—so as not to have produced the "slice" impress, for instance, when playing for a slice. The advantage of this is that you may put yourself and your strokes to the test with a captive ball, or with a ball driven into a net, if the freedom of a course, or a sufficient clear space of land, is not open to you.

The idea once suggested, the possible variations are numberless, and the uses to which it can be adapted are many. It is quite curious to find, as one comes to years of golfing senility, how many of the facts that used to be familiar to one's own golfing infancy are quite unknown to the modern golfing youth. It may be that the youth of to-day know mysteries which they do not reveal to us who are not of their generation; but if they have such knowledge, it is most certain that they guard it with much jealousy. One of the facts familiar to us was that of all ways of lofting a stymie, the easiest was to go to the side of the hole remote from that on which lay the two balls, and to place an ordinary iron, or some club with a similar loft of face, flat on the ground, face upward, behind the ball that was to be played. Then a quick drag of the club along the ground towards the player would make the ball rise enough to loft the obstructing ball, and it was very easy indeed to draw it straight enough to be tolerably sure of holing the ball. This simple device, however, was ruled out, by the general golfing opinion, even before the Rules of Golf Committee came into existence to give definite pronouncements on questions of this nature. The idea was that it must be a foul stroke, in the sense of hitting the ball twice.

There is another fact, in connection with foul strokes, which may or may not be within the cognisance of most of those who are golfers to-day. It was, at all events, well known to us. When a ball is struck twice, and so a foul stroke made, it will almost always be found, unless the ball is a very old one, so that the paint on it is very dry, that it will leave a paint spot, quite different and distinct from the impression made when the first impact is given, where it struck the face of the club for the second time. Obviously, a foul of this kind can occur only when the club head is travelling faster than the pace

that the ball acquired at the moment of leaving the face. Were it not so, the club could never catch it up so as to strike it again. It is usually the case that no paint is left on the club face after the ordinary impact. Why, then, should there be this mark in evidence of the foul, which is really a second impact?

You may find an answer to that very readily if you will take a ball that has not too much of its paint worn off it and will drop it on a brick. The ball rebounds and leaves, as a rule, no impression on the brick. But now take the ball, drop it from the same height as before, on the same brick, and you will find that there is a distinct paint spot, generally showing the impression of three or four pips of the ball, if only, as you drop it, you give it a spin in your fingers—just as if you were spinning a tee-to-tum. Of course, the explanation is that in the first drop the ball was not rotating when it struck the brick. In the second it was rotating, and so it naturally scrubbed some of the paint off itself and on the brick, while they were in contact. The case, I presume, is just the same when a foul shot occurs. No paint is found adhering to the club face as a consequence of the first hit, which has its analogy in the first dropping of the ball on the brick; but the ball has begun fiercely rotating while the club comes into its second and illegitimate contact with it; and therefore a mark of this criminal contact remains as damnable evidence.

Now, if we can get evidence, thus, from a ball painted in the normal manner, how much more clear and convincing ought the evidence to be that is gained by the use of a ball freshly painted—smeared, as I have suggested, with a little squeeze of vermilion out of a tube of oil-paint? As a matter of fact, I have made careful trial, in this very manner, of the stroke that is played by laying the club on the ground, as described, and the evidence of the paint spot (only one spot) on the face (or lower blade edge) is convincing—that the stroke is not a foul one in this particular sense. There is no hitting of the ball twice. That, at least, is so with a modern, india-rubber-cored ball; and we may be assured that such a foul is far less likely to occur with a rubber core than it was with the old "gutter," for the simple reason that because the rubber ball starts more quickly off the club there is the less chance of the club overtaking it and so hitting it twice. However, there is another sense in which that stroke is quite rightly to be deemed foul, in that it outrages all sense of proper decency to behold a golfer playing in this unnatural way. It is not the use of the golf club according to Hugh Philp, St. Andrew and all the saints. It is an outrage. I have also tried a like experiment with the painted ball, in playing a stymie in a manner which I understand is claimed to be new. It depends on the sense in which the word "new" is used. To my knowledge it is forty years old. It is the method of bringing the club flat along the ground to the ball, and continuing it on its flat course towards the hole. It is quite a good and easy way of playing the stymie.

provided the ball to be played does not lie at all "cuppy." But it has been objected to this stroke, by some to whom it has come as a novelty, that it is apt to be a "foul"—to strike the ball twice. It is very apt to be a foul, if the ball lie cupped

at all, so as to be arrested when it tries to move away from the club, but it is a perfectly fair stroke generally, leaving but one mark on the club face. There is no "poly-stroking" about it.

H. G. H.

IN THE GARDEN.

PLANTS AND THEIR NAMES.—I.

LA variété c'est la vie" is a French proverb which always appeals to most people, and is as applicable to gardens as to every other phase of life. The deadly monotony of the majority of large and small gardens is one of the most surprising features of a time in which garden books and garden papers are poured out in a continual stream. There is no doubt that the improvement in gardening as a whole has been quite remarkable during the last fifteen or twenty years, and even a villa garden in a suburb is a very different thing to what it used to be; but people follow the broad and easy road of imitation, and a new, easily-grown plant has only to be sufficiently advertised to find its way into nearly every garden in the land, and the repetition becomes absolutely tiresome. A few years ago it was the Rose Turner's Crimson Rambler, then Dorothy Perkins, and now what is popularly known as the Lyon Rose, which threatens to take possession of the field. There must be some reason why certain plants fasten on to the imagination and others, often much more beautiful, are found only in those personal gardens, usually medium in size, managed by some lover of all things beautiful and rare, often very untidy, but teeming with interest to those who share the taste of the owner. We think there are two reasons—one is that people will not think and take trouble for themselves, but will grow what the nurserymen, backed by the gardeners, think beautiful, and which can be easily increased, and therefore is most profitable; and the other reason is names. Any name easy to remember and repeated often enough sticks in the mind. La France was a name everyone could retain, and therefore La France is one of the few old Roses that have remained in fashion many years, and is seen almost everywhere; this is not by any means to be deplored, as it is one of the most charming in scent, if not in colour. A little while ago a certain artificial manure was advertised by a striking name, and everyone was sticking little tabloids into pots of flowers and Ferns and round the roots of their plants; other good manures in powder had been on the market for years, but few amateurs used them, and the simple Fern and foliage nourishment by common soot was equally neglected. This curious awakening to the needs of plants in pots was, of course, all to the good. Many people do not realise that while flowering, plants whose root-room is restricted need food; but over-doing it is even more fatal than neglecting it, and the tabloid form in which this manure was sold taught people the proportion; it was the homœopathy of plant-culture.

There is no doubt that plant names are a trial, and when to the first botanical name are added other Latin terms people give them up in despair. Surely, if they would take the trouble to study them ever so superficially, they would find their likeness to French and English very helpful. A curious example of the want of any enlightened interest in what might be called the surnames of plants is that even intelligent people are often heard calling the Japanese *Pyrus* simply "japonica," and the white Mountain Clematis is known to some as simply "montana." "Have you a 'montana' on your pergola?" is a question that is startling until one realises what is meant. This neglect of the descriptive terms causes people to order plants from the nursery by only one name, and the local nurseryman sends what he has in stock to all his customers, and that becomes the plant of the neighbourhood. If the right name were asked for, the nurseryman would get the plant, and if there were a sufficient demand for variety, he would be only too pleased to grow other things than Privet, common Laurel, variegated *Euonymus* and golden Elder. Of course, all the big nurseries grow an endless quantity of plants and shrubs in great variety; but the smaller firms, often managed by most intelligent men, are forced in a groove of repetition by the want of originality in their customers. As a suburban grower said to us, "I only grow what is asked for." The want of a little knowledge of plant names makes a catalogue, however well arranged, quite useless to many people; the Latin descriptions merely irritate, and they often order the first plant in the list that bears the name of the family, and are surprised when the shrub which arrives is quite different from the one they had in their mind. A little attention to the second name would probably have prevented the mistake. The second Latin name only begins with a capital letter if it describes the place from

which the plant came originally or the name of the discoverer; otherwise it usually describes either the colour of the flower, as *aurata*: golden; *purpurea*: purple; shape of the leaf, such as *rotundifolia*: round-leaved; *multifidum*: much cut; size or texture of the flower, *grandiflora*: large-flowered; *lacteam*: milky; nature of the plant, as *patens*: spreading; *pendula*: hanging; the place it likes to live in, *rupestris*: rock-loving; *pratensis*: meadow-loving; *montana*: lover of the mountains; the scent, as in *fragrantissima*: sweet-smelling; *fetidissima*: stinking; *citriodorus*: lemon-scented; size, *pumila*: dwarf; *grandis*: tall; constitution, as in *robustus*: stout, *delicatissima*: very delicate. Many of these words are, of course, rather like the English; others are recognisable by their likeness to Latin words in general use, and all can soon be learned with a little experience gained from taking notice of the character of plants, and finding out their correct names.

A family of trees and shrubs containing a large variety is the *Cratægus*, or Hawthorn, of which the common May, both red and white, is usually the only one used; but in gardens where they do well the handsome *C. cordata* (heart-shaped, from the shape of the leaves) would thrive; its large white flowers are out in June, and the colour of the red berries and the bronze leaves in autumn make it a feature in any garden; others, such as *C. coccinea* (scarlet-fruited), which grows to the height of twenty feet, are equally beautiful. *C. pyracantha* is quite well known, and is another example of the way people drop the first name, as it is often called a "Pyracantha." The spotted *Aucuba* is seen everywhere, and this is not surprising, as it is the only one named in many books, and the second names are hard to find. In the best shrub book we know is the following sentence: "It might possibly be a distinct gain to gardens, large and small, if the spotted *Aucuba* were banished and the true green-leaved forms—some of which are generally beautiful when set with coral berries—allowed to take its place." A suggestive sentence, but not sufficiently helpful to the amateur anxious to learn. The fact is that none of these fruit at all unless the male and female plants are put near enough together; the best two to plant are *A. longifolia* (long-leaved), which is female, and *A. viridis* (true), which is male. The Japanese understood the necessity of this botanical fact so well that they refused to allow the female variety to leave Japan until the International Exhibition at Vienna in 1872, and the spotted variety had always been increased from cuttings. The beautiful crimson-berried Elder (*Sambucus racemosa*) is never grown in the South of England, though sometimes in Scotland; it flourishes in Norway, and likes a strong soil. *Sambucus aureus* (golden-leaved), though an undesirable plant in restricted shrubberies, is seen in most small gardens. The common *Euonymus*, both green and variegated, grows well by the seaside; it has no other particular merit, its chief characteristic being that it is frequently so covered with a veil of caterpillars and their webs in the summer that the shrub itself is almost lost to view; but other members of the same family are very beautiful. *E. europæus fructo coccinea* (which, being interpreted, means that it is European and has scarlet fruit) is deciduous, but its berries are so handsome that it is well worth growing, and *E. alba marginata* (white-margined) is evergreen.

The common Yew is always beautiful, and has only one fault—that of being a slow grower. The Irish Yew (*Taxus fastigiata*), pyramidal, is very ornamental, and the golden Yew (*T. aurea variegata*) is most useful for cutting in winter; a piece wedged in the Japanese way in a large bowl of water and washed once a week will last two or three months, and has almost the appearance of a dwarf Japanese tree. The common pink Almond (*Amygdalus communis*) is very much grown round London, but the earlier *A. davidiana alba*, which flowers in January in a warm room if picked in bud, is seldom seen. Of the *Pyrus* tribe, to which the edible Quince belongs, the Japanese and *P. floribunda* are those most usually grown. Of the Japanese kind the old red, though very beautiful, should not be the only one grown; there are now many other colours, from white to orange, some tinged with pink like apple blossom. *P. j. semperflorens*, as the name testifies, flowers continually. *P. malus*, or the Crab Apple, is as attractive in fruit as in flower; one called Hanwell's Souring is perhaps the best, but there are many others. *P. Maulei*, which flowers

in April, is more compact than *P. japonica*—the fruit can be used for jelly; there are other colours in the same variety. *P. Toringo* flowers in May on leafless branches, but the fruit is very attractive in appearance. Many people do not realise that the Mountain Ash is a *Pyrus* (*P. aucuparia*). *Prunus Pissardii* is a very favourite tree with its bluish white flowers in March, that come out so well in water in a room, and the claret-coloured foliage. *P. sinensis*, the Chinese Plum, flowers in clusters along the stem; there are two kinds, *alba* and *rosea* (are there people who have never realised that "*alba*" means white and "*rosea*" pink?); and if you wish for the double form, which lasts longer, you must add "*plena*" to the rest of the description. It is, of course, quite simple to write to the grower for a double pink Chinese Plum, and the right one will, no doubt, be sent; but in looking in a catalogue for the tree you have seen in some garden, and heard called simply *Prunus*, you will find it essential to be able to recognise from the description (given only in the curious dog-Latin used as botanical language) which is the particular Plum you want. *P. divaricata* (spreading) is a shrub that grows to a height of twelve feet; its white flowers in April are followed by yellow fruit. To many the name *Spiraea* calls up a picture of a plant in a pot with light green leaves and a feathery flower, sold in the London shops in the springtime, and usually dying from want of moisture, as the poor thing cannot live without a saucerful of water at its roots. As a matter of fact, the family is one of so great variety of growth and foliage that to the uneducated eye it is difficult to believe that they all belong to one class. The first to flower is a bushy shrub with feathery foliage, and a small white flower in early spring; it grows from one foot to five feet high. A kind that neither of us have ever seen in any garden but that of the friend who brought it from France and introduced it to Woodlands, has the property of bursting into leaf as early as January; and, if brought into the house when the shoots are just showing, it will open and expand the lovely pale green and bronze coloured leaves, and continue to grow if kept in water; it has an ineffective flower in summer. *Spiraea prunifolia flore-pleno* (Plum-leaved and double-flowered) is pure white, and flowers in spring. *S. japonica rubra* (red) is bushy in habit, and flowers in summer and autumn. *S. Margaritæ* also has rosy flowers, and the leaves become beautifully coloured before the winter. Every garden should have three or

four kinds of *Berberis* besides the common useful one, *B. vulgaris*. The next best known is *B. Darwinii*; the deep orange-coloured blossoms against the dark green foliage show to perfection in May and June. *B. japonica* is another useful kind which flowers in spring; but perhaps the best is *B. Thunbergi*, because of the lovely colour of its autumn tints. For those who like Privet, the better sorts are much more worth planting than *Ligustrum vulgare* (common), the one so constantly seen. *L. japonicum*, *L. lucidum* (shining) and *L. ovalifolium* (oval-leaved) are all handsome, and as easy to grow as *L. vulgare*. The black fruit looks very handsome in autumn if near a shrub which has red berries.

The shrubby *Veronicas* are not all hardy, but a few of the most precious survive the English winter. *V. Traversii* is covered from July to September with pale mauve flowers. *V. pinguifolia* (flat-leaved) grows to the height of four feet, and is absolutely covered in June with white flowers. *V. hulkeana* is a deciduous shrub which likes an open, sunny position; it grows three feet high, and flowers in May. It is difficult to realise these are the big relations of the little wild Speedwell. One of the best-coloured is called *V. hybrida* (Autumn Glory). The word "*hybrida*" after a name denotes that the plant has been more or less improved by cultivation, and is not in the condition in which it was found in its native haunt.

The family of *Syringa*, usually called Lilac, contains many beautiful varieties, and many shades of purple and mauve besides the white one, both double and single. A good selection ensures a succession of flower, as they do not all bloom at the same time. The *Philadelphus* is usually called Syringa, and, as a rule, only the common one (*P. coronarius*) is grown, but there are many others—*P. grandiflorus* and *P. Lemoinei* *Avalanche* both have large and very sweet flowers; *Boule d'Argent* has double flowers, and *Mer de Glace* is dwarf.

One could go on endlessly telling of the varieties in all the shrub families, but a little observation and intelligent study will enable those interested in the subject to select for themselves. Plants, both perennial and annual, suffer in much less degree from the wrong sorts being grown, as all the seed merchants' catalogues are so well illustrated, and new varieties are being constantly brought before the notice of the public.

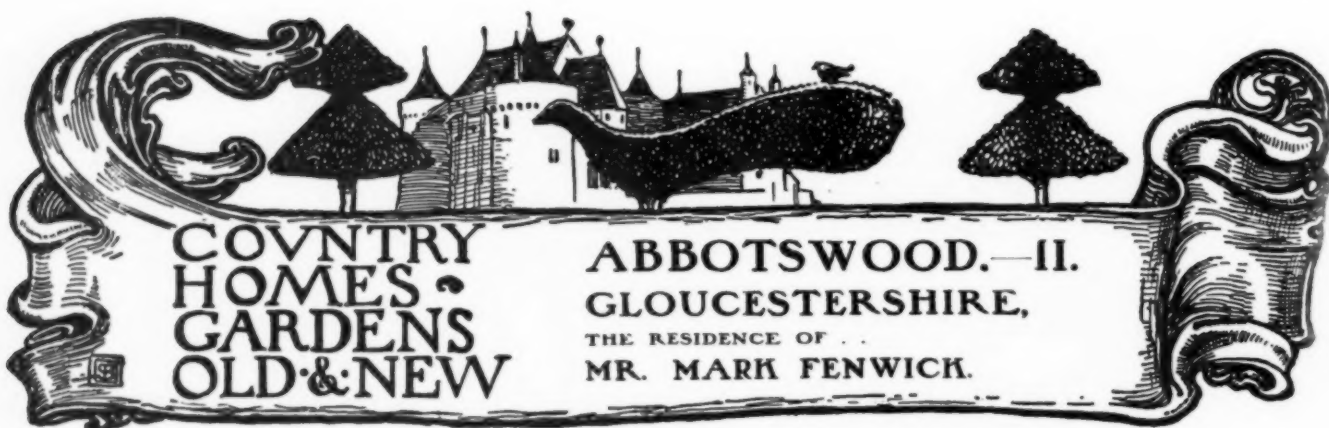
MARIA THERESA EARLE AND ETHEL CASE.



E. J. Wallis.

A DAFFODIL BORDER.

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PERHAPS the most striking effect of external decoration is the embowered heather garden on a slope of the hill to the east of the house, where the formal garden comes to an end. Some forty varieties, species and hybrids, from Scotland, Ireland, Portugal, Cornwall and the Mediterranean, climb in cosmopolitan groups the slight incline that leads to the fringe of flowering shrubs. Cedars (*Atlantica* and *Lebanon*) encircle the upper heights, backed in turn by larch, copper beech and giant Douglas

firs. Irregular low treads of stone appear and disappear in the magic carpet as they wind their mysterious way and are lost among shrubs of increasing size. There is barely a month of the year when one or other of these little heaths does not bloom, and during the dark season a scale of variegated greens marks the time of waiting. In August it is a sanctuary of nodding blooms and bells! An unexpected achievement, for the diminutive plants affect peaty soil, and yet thrive here in a lime formation common to the Cotswold Hills.

Probably not to confuse a garden full of detail and animation, Mr. Fenwick has reserved with admirable restraint and purpose all water treatment to a tank or canal situated at the western angle of the house. Surmounted by an embraured window, where one may sit and "consider the lilies how they grow," the segment of a hollow shell penetrates the lower wall—on its surface is carved a grim head of Neptune in high relief. From the open lips drops a jet of clear water into a circular pool below, in ever-increasing circles which find their outlet into the long rectangular canal on a lower level, the world reversed here in the placid waterway. On the house-top, two small gables guard the secluded spot. Two high walls, festooned with ceanothus, vines and clematis, frame the enclosure. Madonna lilies, standard roses, phlox, pentstemon and viola adorn the borders, while eight proud Irish yews complete on either side a guard of honour. On the stone rim of the canal, in parallel lines, tubs of pink hydrangeas are mirrored in the running water, which brings to mind a feature somewhat similar in the gardens of the Generalife at Granada.

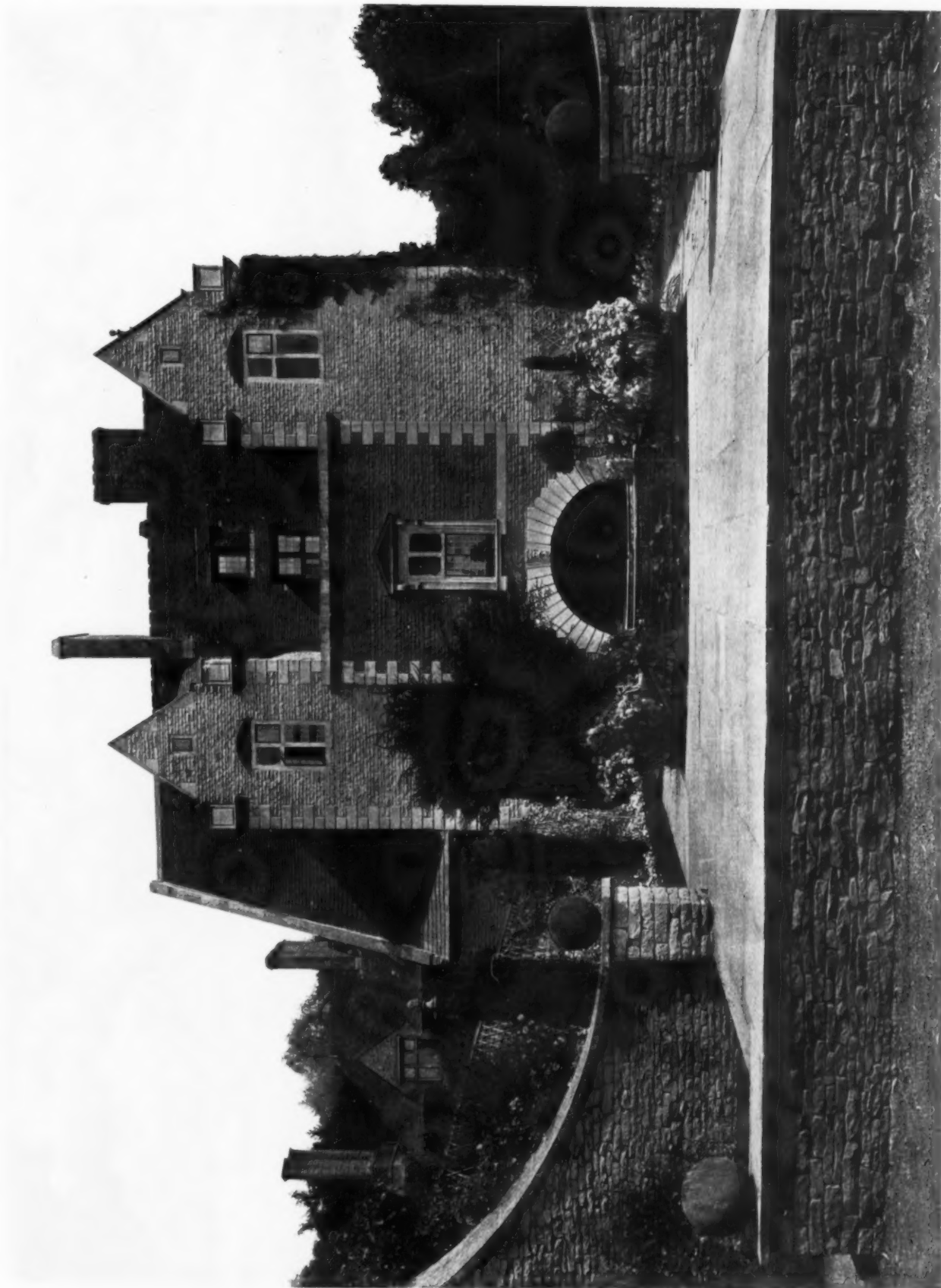
The park, which in former years was an undisciplined collection of trees and shrubs, forms to-day an environment of ordered landscape worthy of the house and garden. Approaching the entrance to the north, a brook has been disciplined by a master hand, and now its deviated course runs through two stream gardens of felicitous beauty and composition. Nature here supplied water in plenty, and a falling ground that seemed to invite the co-operation of



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ENTRANCE DOOR AT ABBOTSWOOD.

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ABBOTSWOOD: TERRACE AND LILY POOL.

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DINING-ROOM.

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IN THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

man. Mr. Fenwick was not slow in answering the call, and for nine years he has laboured with incessant care and increasing success. Apart from the deviation of the watercourse (formerly bridled by a large clay conduit) and the placing of flowers and plants, the greatest achievement is the stone treatment. Here we have no eruption of rockery atrocities, but rocky fragments that have been untouched after leaving the

makes them appear like portions of their stony beds: a deeply laid and successful illusion. From an upper background of ash, Scotch firs and thorn, both streams wind their sinuous ways over shallow stone-treads, under shelving stepping-stones, hiding, peeping, calling, sparkling down a stairway of magic colouring, disappearing under the carriage-drive which traverses the course of both waterways.



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ABBOTSWOOD: HALL ARCADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

quarry, tucked away in congenial places as if Nature had placed them there, to form a descending bed of limestone, over which the waters now run a natural course to the river below.

On the banks of both streams advantage has been taken of falling ground, or sudden displacement of levels, under which to place great flat stones, which, revealing only a facial stratum, disappear with seeming naturalness in the ground below—rocky formations, whose nearness to the running brooks

Reappearing, a succession of canopied pools, dark, sonorous, catch the waters from under the roadway, the deep voice of each waterfall suggesting the happy babble of the brooks above with a *chorale* in canon movement. From here the accumulated streams tumble down a steep and shaded waterway and hurry through park and meadow to the impatient river.

Over rocks which seem to crop out of the little valleys clamber prostrate cotoneasters, junipers, rock roses, aubrietias

and other plants, so arranged that nothing unduly tall shuts out of view the tumbling waters. But when bolder planting is possible, arundo donax and conspicua, New Zealand flax, phlox, tritomas, pampas grass and lythrum find their proper places. In the distance, cherries, lilacs, Penzance briars and bamboos. Under a large oak at the lower end are masses of primroses, forget-me-nots, viola gracilis and hepaticas; while hellebores, Solomon's seal, campanulas, ferns and cyclamens maintain an interest throughout the year. A feature has also been made of anemones, especially of blanda and apennina. In April, spiraea arguta, primula rosea and Heavenly Blue grape



A XVI. CENTURY CART-SHED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



hyacinths make a lovely combination; and in autumn a large group of cercidiphyllum japonicum sets the garden ablaze with leaf colouring. At the extreme top a number of beautiful cypresses—erecta viridis—of incomparable green forms a quiet but arresting background to the bright-coloured flowers. Near the water edge globe-flowers, primulas, iris and spiraea revel in the cool, damp soil. "Daffodils that come before the swallows dare" are planted in thousands, in sheets, in drifts—white and pale yellow varieties, specially selected to harmonise with the erica carnea, apennine anemones and grape hyacinths. A bog garden finds its place halfway down the stream, and is planted with pinguicula, rogersia, struthiopteris, osmunda, habernaria, cypripedium, ledums, rhododendron viscosum, etc.



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UPPER SWELL MANOR HOUSE AND CHURCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

In forming these stream gardens the owner has doubtless endeavoured to keep in mind that "this is an Art which does mend Nature, change it rather, but the Art itself is Nature." Between the two streams are clumps of rhododendrons, buddleia, euonymus alatus, berberis virescens and many other shrubs. The background is composed of a large collection of flowering and evergreen shrubs. On a lower level the chanting pools—rockbound, surrounded by thorns, lilacs, Scotch roses,

It is almost impossible to realise that all here was once a stereotyped sward, an uncared-for brook, so full is it now of ordered incident, so natural the artificialities that contribute to its beauty. Perhaps the one note of human invention is the congregation of many-coloured flowers and the water plants used to weave a delicate and distinguished tapestry. But if apparent the artificiality the result is none the less exquisite—man's intelligence



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THE MANOR HOUSE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the handsome Knap Hill variety of the savin, gunneras, spiraea gigantea, iris aurea, senecios, polygonums, anemone japonica and other strong-growing plants. Only the best varieties are grown in the gardens, and nothing that does not thrive is given more than a temporary trial. It will be observed that none of the alpine or choice rock plants is to be found in the stream gardens; they find a more congenial place in the sunlit heather garden, where they remain under the constant observation of the owner and his capable head-gardener.

finds here a means of co-operating with the business of Nature.

What Mr. Lutyens has contributed to the structural welfare of the garden shows his taste and versatility. What Mr. Fenwick has achieved is best expressed in a personal letter to the writer from Lord Redesdale, a past-master of flowers and arboriculture, whose wild garden at Batsford Park has been declared to be one of the most remarkable examples of its kind in the world: "I look upon Abbotswood garden as a

gem and its owner as by far the best all-round amateur gardener that I know. His knowledge of his plants and their possibilities is really consummate. He knows them as a great artist knows the colours on his palette, and so he produces a flower picture which has just that little indefinable something which means genius. But he has not only the florist's familiarity with his flowers and the rare gift of coaxing them into showing themselves at their best, wherever they may be placed—he is also a landscape gardener of great cultivation. He has worked at Abbotswood in such a way as to combine the formality of an Italian architectural garden with the broader and wilder lines of the natural

Abbot on his visits of business or recreation." At the Dissolution the manor was sold to one Richard Andrew, a wholesale dealer in spoliated property. The present picturesque example of an Elizabethan manor house is believed to occupy the site of the early "chief house," and to have been built by one of the Stratfords of Faircote, while it passed subsequently to the Chamberlaynes of Oddington.

The discovery of French coins in the garden is held to mean that French monks dwelt there in early days. There is no proof of the fact, but local tradition clings tenaciously to the old belief. A large upper room contains a fine plaster ceiling, a frieze of sphinxes, and an imposing chimney-piece. Two "strapped" pilasters support a lintel, above which there is a receding canopy surmounted by a broken pediment. The fleur-de-lys occurs in the panels of the ceiling, and these little imported emblems are asked to contribute a final proof that French monks did reside at Swell in olden times. A naive idea, which seems to put the last word of authority upon local tradition. Several uncommon specimens of casement fastenings are to be found in the Manor House, and the evening light still pours through the topaz-tinted glazing of the mulioned windows. The oak staircase, with its irregular treads, must have tripped many a late diner on his way to his four-poster. To this day it invites upon caution and respect. The Reformation Church has an interesting window in the Perpendicular style, and a Norman arch inside the aged porch frames the southern entrance. There is nothing now in the interior which attracts the eye but an old fifteenth century font, whose rudely carved quatrefoil basin suggests the untutored work of local stone-cutters. The exterior has one feature of special interest—an old mass-dial. Not the usual sundial applied to manor-house walls, or its pampered colleague dallying in rose gardens, but a miniature circle of descending lines in radiation scratched on the left jamb of the Norman doorway. Little is known of these diminutive dials which preceded the advent of watches in pre-Reformation times. Obsolete, superseded, they conceal to-day their shy faces under ivy, moss or lichen, the strident church clocks reminding them of the old happy days spent in faithful service of the Lord. ANTONIO DE NAVARRO.



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STAIRS AT UPPER SWELL MANOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

woodland scene, the one fading into the other by the skill of imperceptible gradations. I should like to see what he would do on a large scale. I feel sure that it would be something very beautiful and very poetical."

Two interesting features of the Abbotswood estate are the Manor House and Church of Upper Swell. St. Mary de Winchcombe held Suelle in the reign of William the Conqueror, after which it passed to the Abbey of Evesham, in whose possession it remained until the Dissolution. Local history affirms that a chief house existed here from the days of Edward the Confessor, probably built by the Abbot of Evesham. "In feudal times it would have been reserved by the Monastery for manorial uses, the holding of courts, also as a resort for the

FRUIT-GROWERS & BULLFINCHES.

RECENTLY there was much correspondence in *COUNTRY LIFE* on the question whether it were possible to have herons and trout as close neighbours to each other; and if that correspondence did nothing else, it showed, I think, at all events, that there were two sides to this question, as to others. Previous to that discussion, I imagine that most people thought there was but one side, and that the continued residence, as neighbours, of trout and heron was impossible. A question which has been greatly exercising my mind is whether it is really necessary, in defence of our fruit trees, that we should shoot our bullfinches—those of us who live in a bullfinch country, for they are rather local little birds. This, too, like the trout and heron question, is one that I hardly deemed to have two sides to it until a very short while ago. I deemed that the bullfinches must be destroyed, or, at all events, kept down. What has shaken my confidence is a talk I had with a neighbouring and very successful nursery gardener near here—that is to say, in the north corner of Sussex. He has had long experience at his business, for he is an old man now. He is one of those not very common people who form their opinions for themselves, observing, reflecting and drawing his conclusions, instead of taking them ready made, as someone else hands them to them. That is what makes his views valuable. And what his view is on this particular subject may be stated very shortly—he never allows a bullfinch to be shot in his nursery at all! Yet he lives on the verge of woods which I know to be the



"COUNTRY LIFE"

UPPER SWELL: A LATE TUDOR FIREPLACE.

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resort and haven of bullfinches when harried away from other orchards. "But how do you do?" I asked him. "Do you not have every bud eaten! How about your gooseberry bushes; how about your lilacs? Do you net them?" I need not give you his arguments—they did not seem to me to amount to much. But I can give you his facts, and the value of them seemed hardly possible to over-estimate.

He did not protect any of his bushes at all. He let the bullfinches come (and come they did) and peck as they liked. Their damage, if any, was so inappreciable that it did him not a mite of harm. If any reader cares to write to me privately I can give him the name and address of the man. He

will be gratified by a visit, and will like to make a proselyte to his view. We all should like to be proselytes. We all should like to spare the bullfinches, delightful, pretty little birds, if we could do so with a clear conscience. Only, when we see a dozen or so of the rascals busy at nothing else but picking out the eye of the bud, how can we do so? Is it possible that there is abundance of buds for all—bullfinches and the best health of the tree besides? My friend of the nursery said something about grubs in the buds; but I do not think he believed in that argument. His main and powerful argument was in the multitude of bullfinches and also the plenty and perfect health of his nursery stock. And it impressed me strongly.

H. G. H.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A BOOK on politics in the large sense by the President of the United States is sure to be read by thoughtful men in this country. There are various reasons for this. A nation very seldom takes any very lively interest in the purely domestic affairs of another nation. It regards them as subjects of party controversy that have very little real significance. They form, indeed, only the foam and spray tossed up by a great steamer as it ploughs its way through seas that are more often stormy than calm. But the progress of the steamer itself is of importance in the eyes of all, especially when the vessel typifies a country so great and enlightened as is (with all its faults) the United States. Besides the other changes that are taking place, there is the passing away of an old order and the dawning of a new and very different era, which is common to all the civilised nations of the world. Dr. Woodrow Wilson, in *A New Freedom* (Chapman and Hall), turns a searching light on many problems that are arising, though it may be in a different shape, in the Old World, as well as in the New, wherein he is for the moment the most important personage. The book is altogether a curious one, and the author describes it in his preface as "the result of the editorial literary skill of Mr. William Bayard Hale," who has collected from his recent speeches the most suggestive portions and arranged them so cleverly that they give a logical epitome of the views held by the new President. Without passing any judgment upon these views, we think it may be interesting to show what they are. The first point on which Dr. Woodrow Wilson insists is that the life of America is not the life that it was twenty years ago; it is not the life that it was ten years ago; economic conditions have been changed, and with them the whole organisation of society. Hence the old political formulas do not fit into the present organisation. Now, the most important of these economic changes is that from individual mastership to the joint stock companies. To these the author recurs again and again, as though it were the keystone of the position. He describes the new arrangements as "heartless." As long as there was a single master, he engaged his men personally and knew them. The relationship between them partook far more of the character of a partnership. Under the new system the workmen serve a corporate body, made up of members some of whom have much and some little capital in the enterprise. There is no individual whom they can authentically recognise as the man to whom they are responsible. Generally, there are directors, including a managing director, and the practice of devolution goes from the body of directors to the managing director, from the managing director to a manager, from the manager to a sub-manager, and, probably, down to the superintendent of a room or an official of similar standing. To the owners, then, the men are only a conglomeration of items, without individuality. Under such a scheme there is bound to be movement, but all movement is not progress, and the author searchingly enquires whether society is going backward or forward under existing conditions. He raises enough doubt to make people enquire, although it would be unfair to represent him in general terms as thinking that the modern world is decadent. The weaknesses in the United States at the present moment on which he dwells are, first, the tendency to do the work of legislation in committees and the government by coteries of Big Business men (note the capital letters). Then he has a good deal to say on the subject of tariffs. The Free Traders cannot claim him as one of them, as he carefully refrains from propounding any theory that could be interpreted as part of the doctrine of Cobden. But he is most emphatic in his condemnation of the large tariffs now in vogue in the United States. Their mischievous effects run in several directions. Every little knot of men who can command influence endeavour, and often with success, to get a heavy duty put upon the goods they manufacture, and Dr. Woodrow Wilson says in the most emphatic manner that in consequence prices have risen more in the United States than in any other part of the world. But

the worst evil of all is that the protective duties lead to the formation of trusts and, of course, the high prices are due to these duties. Dr. Woodrow Wilson puts his point with absolute clearness. Even Mr. McKinley in the last month had changed his mind in regard to the policy with which his name is associated. He recognised that the high tariffs had nursed the baby industries, but that they were now in the process of becoming a strait-jacket for them. "I am," says the President, "one of those who have the utmost confidence that Mr. McKinley would not have sanctioned the later development of the policy with which his name stands identified." The following passage is illuminating:

As soon as the combination is effected the less efficient factories are gradually put out of operation. But the stock issued in payment for them has to pay dividends. And the United States Government guarantees profit on investment in factories that have gone out of business. As soon as these combinations see prices falling they reduce the hours of labour, they reduce production, they reduce wages, they throw men out of employment—in order to do what? In order to keep the prices up in spite of their lack of efficiency.

Perhaps the most striking analysis in the book is that of the change which has come over ideas in the United States. When the original Constitution was drawn up, the thinker was Isaac Newton and his interpreter was Montesquieu, whom, he said, "the makers of our Federal Constitution read with true scientific enthusiasm." They constructed a Government to display the laws of Nature:

Politics, in their thought, was a variety of mechanics. The Constitution was founded on the law of gravitation. The government was to exist and move by virtue of the efficacy of "checks and balances."

But Darwin has carried things further forward than Newton, and development or evolution

is the scientific word, to interpret the Constitution according to the Darwinian principle; all they ask is recognition of the fact that a nation is a living thing and not a machine.

This is very clever and true.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, before the Election, was a comparative stranger to the public of this country, but this book will make him known and, we believe, win for him attention and respect.

The Pearl-Stringer, by Peggy Webling. (Methuen.)

THERE is practically no story in *The Pearl-Stringer*, yet the book has the charm of the author's delicate skill in presenting to us a series of simple character sketches, all more or less associated with the life of a certain class of impecunious workers belonging to a certain section of semi-Bohemians. Miss Webling knows her little world well; she portrays it faithfully, yet, when we have laid her novel aside, though we are parting with people we have known in an intimate fashion that made us sufficiently acquainted with their joys and sorrows to realise them sympathetically, we are not at the same time impressed by them acutely. The romance of her pearl-stringer, Nannie Mordaunt, is one of those gently-affecting episodes that can be traced to the lot of many in whom the too ready response to kindness has led to disappointment, sometimes to disillusion; it rings true, whereas the story of Rose Leonard, with which it is interwoven, strikes several times a false note, notably in the meeting with Eugene Milrake after Rose's marriage with Challis. There Miss Webling seems to have lost herself; the scene is theatrical, and the subsequent moralising strike a jarring note of artificiality. We like Miss Webling's outlook, and we think she has sincere aims: it seems a pity that she should not attempt a more ambitious piece of work.

The New Gulliver, by Barry Pain. (T. Werner Laurie.)

OF the eight short stories Mr. Barry Pain here gives us, the best is probably that from which the book takes its title. In it Mr. Pain cleverly elaborates his idea of a modern Gulliver, shipwrecked on the island of Thule, Ultima Thule, the one spot of earth that has emerged from barbarism, introduced to a community where a triumphant process of civilisation has abolished sex in its beings of the first class, advancing at the same time the age-limit of man, and simplifying and dehumanising the conditions of life in a fashion that effectually ridicules certain aspects of present-day progression. Mr. Pain is a writer who can make the improbable plausible enough to gain the attention without stretching too fine a point: as an instance we might quote "The Choice," where the long arm of coincidence comes into opportune play. In a case such as "Zero" he is frankly out to indulge a serio-comic impulse, which, at once recognising it appreciatively, we are in the mind to enjoy. Although not Mr. Barry Pain at his best, these tales will probably find admirers in those who know and like the author's kindly style.

THE STORIES & DANCES OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET

ON February 22nd there will be opened at the Goupil Gallery an exhibition which ought to prove a landmark in the history of photography. It will consist of photographs by Mr. Hoppé, of which thirty will be of the Russian Ballet and about an equal number of English and American celebrities. Without saying anything derogatory to the many photographers who have made portraiture almost as much an art of the camera as it is of the pencil, it may be said at the outset that Mr. Hoppé has completed their refutation of the charge that photography is a mechanical art.

In painting the best portrait is always the most interpretative. It ought to be a spiritual photograph of the sitter. Most people, and especially distinguished people, have a thousand different expressions which vary with the moods of the

moment. They may be gay or thoughtful, buoyant or depressed; but there is usually one expression in which the others are blended, making it typical of the character. The art of Mr. Hoppé consists in waiting and watching for this, finally seizing and rendering it in his photograph. The case of the Russian Ballet is rather different. Here it is not so much temperament and mind which are in question as the grace and beauty of physical movement. But if the circumstances are different, the application is the same.

A clever operator studying these moving figures might possibly be content with a snap-shot that caught them in one of the most difficult and complicated positions. Mr. Hoppé has aimed at an effect much higher than that. Those who will attentively consider the exquisite specimens of his craft which we have the privilege of reproducing to-day will easily



E. O. Hoppé.

KARSAVINA IN "THAMAR."

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see that he must have brought as observant an eye and as close an attention to this part of his work as he does to the other. These Russian dancers are famed the world over, not less for the exquisite grace of their movements than for an indescribable air that enhances their natural beauty. In each of the portraits submitted to-day Mr. Hoppé has been astonishingly successful in catching and representing what to most people is the baffling and elusive charm of these members of the Russian Ballet. The portraits are little poems which give to the eye that pleasure and satisfaction which fine verse yields to the imagination. It is curious and not without analogy that this quality in Mr. Hoppé comes from one who owes far more to natural talent than to assiduous study and training. In photography, as elsewhere, formula, convention and tradition are very apt to drive the practitioner along a groove or beaten

path from which he finds it practically impossible to escape. Apart from photography, dancing in Russia has a special interest of its own, a fact that may well justify a glance at its origin and history. Some day a most interesting book will be written on the Russian dance. Someone who knows both the Russian village and the Russian capital will trace the connection between the coarse and lively step-dance of the village green and the delicate and wonderful dreams of the Imperial Ballet.

In Russia all that is of worth takes its rise in the peasant life. The National Art in full blossom to-day draws its rich and startling colours out of the rude dark earth of peasant life. It is the peasant in Gorky and in Tolstoy that is so powerful, the shadowy peasant face that seems to stand in the background of their faces. It is the peasant pilgrim and hermit that inspires Nesterof and Vasnetsof, the Russian Titian and



E. O. Hoppé.

KARSAVINA AND ADOLF BOHM IN "LE PAVILLON D'ARMIDE."

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E. O. Hoppé.

KARSAVINA AND ADOLF BOHM IN "THAMAR."

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Raphael. In their pictures it is the little village church that speaks, and not the great city cathedral. So, also, looking at Karsavina, Nijinsky, Fedorovna, Kotchetovsky and the rest, it is possible to forget their delicate art, their precious beauty, and to see a great crowd of serfs dancing in the halls of noblemen in the old days before the liberation by the second Alexander.

The Russians have a natural genius for dancing, and the peasant cannot hear the national dance music without swaying his limbs to it. I have been to drunken Christmas parties where the host, even when he went to the door to welcome his guests, continued dancing all the while to the strains of the guitar issuing from his sitting-room. He came forward dancing, shook hands dancing, led you forward dancing to the crowded room where all the guests were singing and shouting and "footing it feathily here and there." He never stopped the whole evening, and when he said "Good-bye" his knees and shoulders and eyebrows were all swaying in time to the eternal measure. At cinematograph shows, where a balalaika orchestra plays between the acts, I have seen half the audience rise to the strains

of the Kamarinsky, lift up the lappets of their voluminous fur overcoats and begin a bear dance in their huge jack-boots. Someone is playing a national dance measure in a house, the window is suddenly thrown open and the melody comes in a waft into the street. In a moment you see knowing smiles on the faces of half-a-dozen passers-by, and their shoulders, knees, eyebrows sway and twitch; you see the cabman and the policeman make believe they are going to begin to dance together.

Well, there is a world's breadth between the Kamarinsky Moujik and the pieces now delighting London from the stage of Covent Garden. The British public would not recognise them as akin, and no doubt the famous dancers, trained from infancy to perfection, would disclaim the peasant tradition. Such a tableau as "Le Spectre de la Rose," founded on Gautier's poem and set to the music of Weber, would seem to have little to do with Russia and Russian life.

It is in "Thamar," which would have been better entitled "Queen Tamara," and in "Petrushka" that the national feeling is most evident. Even in "Scheherazade" at the

Coliseum it would be possible to say that the dancing was Russian simply by the steps of the dancers. "Petruchka," the most popular of the present repertoire, is especially suitable to the time of the year, for it shows the revels which take place on the last three days before Lent, Maslenitsa, a time of peasant holiday, drunkenness and debauch, a sort of winding up of frivolity and pleasure before the abstinence of the forty days. The date is 1830, but it might be to-day. Just the same scenes occur in St. Petersburg and Moscow in 1913. There are the same Chaucerian jokes, the same clowns and puppet shows.

"Tamar" tells the well-known legend of the inhospitality of the Caucasian Queen Tamara. The scene is laid in the famous

Gorge of Dariel, at the castle which now stands there in ruins. The story is half fairy-tale, half history, and I have several times heard it from peasants who were driving me through the gorge back to Vladikavkaz after a day's wandering in the mountains. The very track along which unsuspecting guests were led, and the doorway from which they were hurled over the precipice, are both shown, the peasant invariably adding his opinion that she was "zlaya," this Queen Tamara, "a bad lot." In the ballet at Covent Garden the legend is given a sort of mystical significance. The Queen holds perpetual fête. She lies on a couch at a window looking over the turbulent waters of the river Terek, watching for the approach of any



E. O. Hoppe.

KARSAVINA IN "LE SPECTRE DE LA ROSE."

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E. O. Hoppé.

ADOLF BOHM IN "L'OISEAU DE FEU."

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chance stranger. A wayfarer appears, beautiful and strange, but masked. The Queen tears the mask away and, finding him so beautiful, gives her whole Court and all its luxury to his honour and adornment. She regales him with dancing and festivity, but at daybreak suddenly stabs him and pushes him through the fatal postern, over the precipice, down into the rushing stream. This done, the Queen goes back to her couch and looks out calmly as before for another wayfarer. Another wayfarer appears and looks towards the castle. Perhaps more point would be given if this second unfortunate guest could be taken to represent the avenger, the demon, who in Lermontof's famous poem makes love to the Queen and carries her away. Mme. Karsavina is a wonderful Tamara, and her almost hypnotic power and beauty is best indicated by the fact that

she can blind an English audience to the cruelty of her theme. "Scheherazade" is also cruel. It is another play of death: there is no life in it. Women, the very embodiment of the mystery of life, are killed the day after marriage, and the beautiful queen who commits suicide is the only woman over whom the Sultan has ever shed a tear. The ballet presents no repentance, no sorrow for the sacrifice of beauty. The grandeur of Schachriar and Abdurachman is not tarnished one shade by the sacrifice. Rather the richness of the Court is increased; the Sultan's tears are turned to pearls. It is all very hopeless, but in the greyness of London and a utilitarian age the sumptuousness appeals to us. We re-read the "Arabian Nights" in a new way, and are as pleased as children. It is rather a matter for speculation whether the Russian

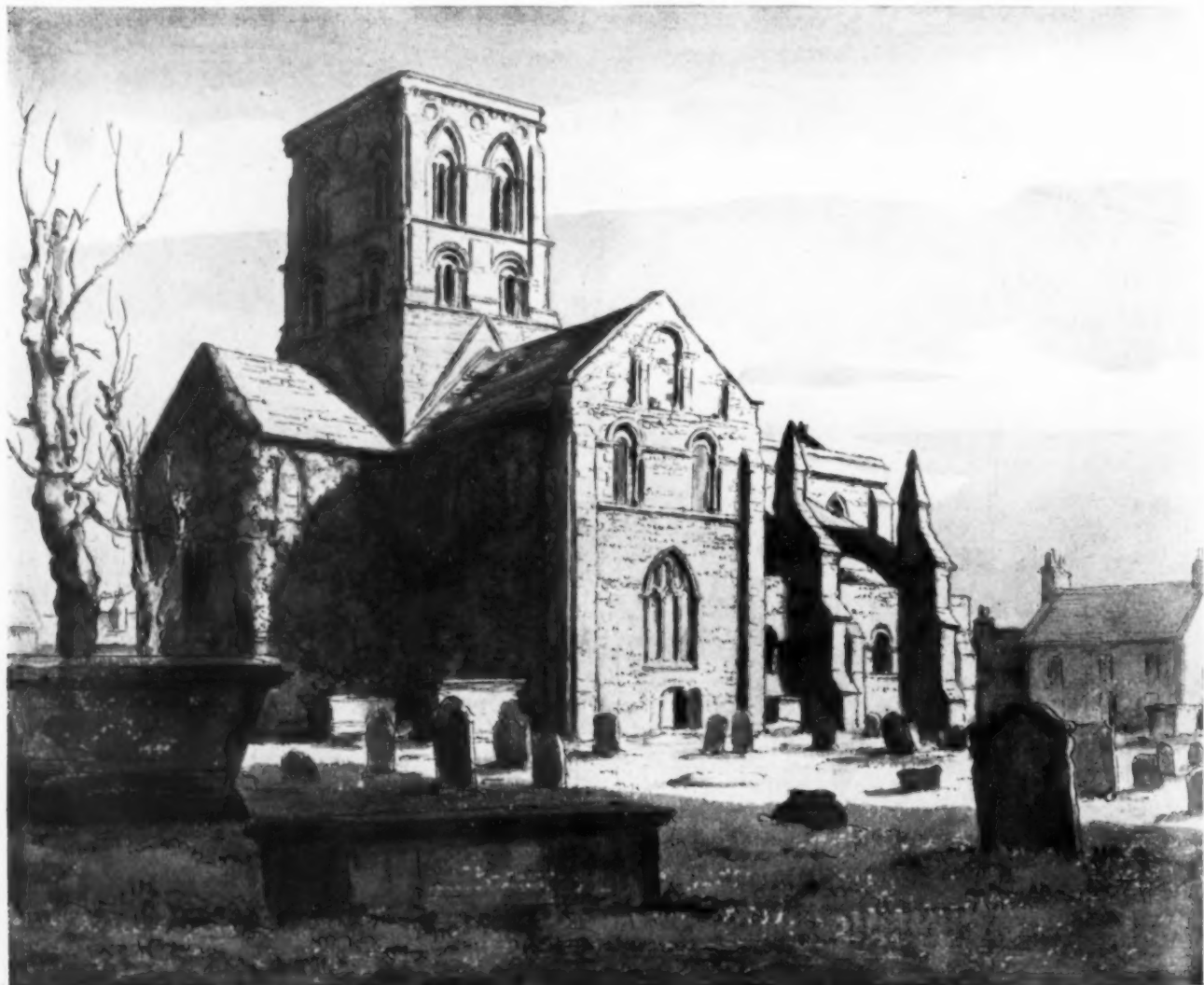
Ballet will have any effect on the development of the drama proper. There is a great movement towards a new form in the Russian theatre. The Theatre of Art in Moscow is always the pioneer of new stage developments. The setting of the "Blue Bird" that so charmed London we owe almost entirely to it. Maeterlinck wrote the play specially for that theatre. I am tempted to think that during the next ten years the Russian opera, ballet and theatre will be unified in some great production wherein dancers, singers, actors and orchestra will each be functionised organically. M. Viacheslaf Ivanof, the Russian essayist and poet, has a great dream of realising once again the

Dionysian orgy, and in that case not only would actors and dancers work together, but the whole public would participate in the choric action, and take either an improvised or predetermined attitude towards the central drama. The conductor becomes the great spell-weaver and mystagogue, the very symbol of Destiny, leading out or unfolding the mysteries of man's life. "Queen Tamara" would make a very good Dionysian orgy, but I suppose it will be many a year before the audience lends itself to improvisation of its ideas or even to taking a definite part as it did in the days of Ancient Greece.
G.

SOME SUSSEX CHURCHES.

THE kingdom of Sussex, owing perhaps to age and a long experience of trouble, has the art of concealment. The country, like the people, is hard to know. Its beauties are often come at with a certain unexpectedness, and the best of them are quite often not discovered at all, except by those who have been at trouble and pains to become familiar with this Land of Out-of-the-Way Places. The men of the South Saxons were always great at talking, but it was quite another thing to mass themselves together in towns, and to grow quick-witted and restless for travel, as townsfolk are. Their ways of thought, like those of the oxen who ploughed their heavy land, have always been solid and slow. A joke has to be as broad as a beam before a Sussex man can see it. The fairy-stories of the Celts who hewed their wood and drew their water were beyond their imagination, though in some parts the curious word "pharisee" is used as a substitute for fairy, which shows some knowledge of the Little People. The county, however, abounds in ghost-stories, which seems strange at first sight, as the people are so little ethereal while they are walking about among their neighbours; but on examination the very ghosts have a substantial air, with a something uncanny added, and many of

them are practical enough in their doings. Perhaps it is not altogether fanciful to see reflected in the churches, which are also their principal public buildings, the unornamental but solid and enduring qualities of the people of the land. The most prevalent style is the Early English. But owing to a scarcity of local stone, the materials had to be brought over from Caen, and, owing to their want of imagination, the churches are seldom remarkable for delicate carving, or for clustered columns and other beauties of stonework; but many of them make up for this lack by the nobility of their proportions. A remarkably large number of the churches of Sussex date in the earliest part of their structure from the two hundred and fifty years following the preaching of St. Wilfred. The most important, as well as the earliest, of these is that of the ancient port of Bosham, in the extreme west of the county. It is known that as early as A.D. 650 Eappa, a monk, had ecclesiastical charge of this parish. The building is upon the site of a Roman temple. Some Roman bricks which are to be seen in the walls must have been dug up near by and put in their present place at a later date. An interesting early reference to this church is quoted by the Rev. Theodore Johnson from a MS. in the British Museum. It was written



NEW SHOREHAM CHURCH.

in 1635 by one John Smith, and runs: "The inhabitants of Bosham have shewed unto me, deriving their knowledge by tradition from their forefathers, the ruyns of an outworn foundation neere to that ancient parish church, which they called St. Bede's chapel as small in circuite as Bede maketh the cell of Dicul there adjoyninge to be."

St. Wilfred is not the only great figure of English history who plays a part in the story of Bosham. There is a tradition that Canute had a palace here, and as he was certainly engaged about the year 1017 in repairing the religious houses and churches in his kingdom, it is natural to suppose that Bosham Church was put in order and beautified under his direction. It was probably the waves of this blue Sussex sea that he bade to stay, as a lesson to his courtiers. A persistent legend reported that a little daughter of his, aged eight years, had been buried in this church. In 1861 excavations were made, in order, if possible, to verify the story, and a small stone coffin, containing the remains of a child answering to the description of Canute's daughter, was brought to light. It was reinterred, and a tile bearing the Danish raven was placed above the spot. In 1905 the children of Bosham placed near it a stone bearing an inscription to the child princess. Bosham appears in the Bayeux tapestry, and a considerable amount of space is devoted to it in Domesday Book. The church is stated to be richly endowed. Indeed, the emoluments



THE SAXON TOWER, SOMPTING CHURCH.



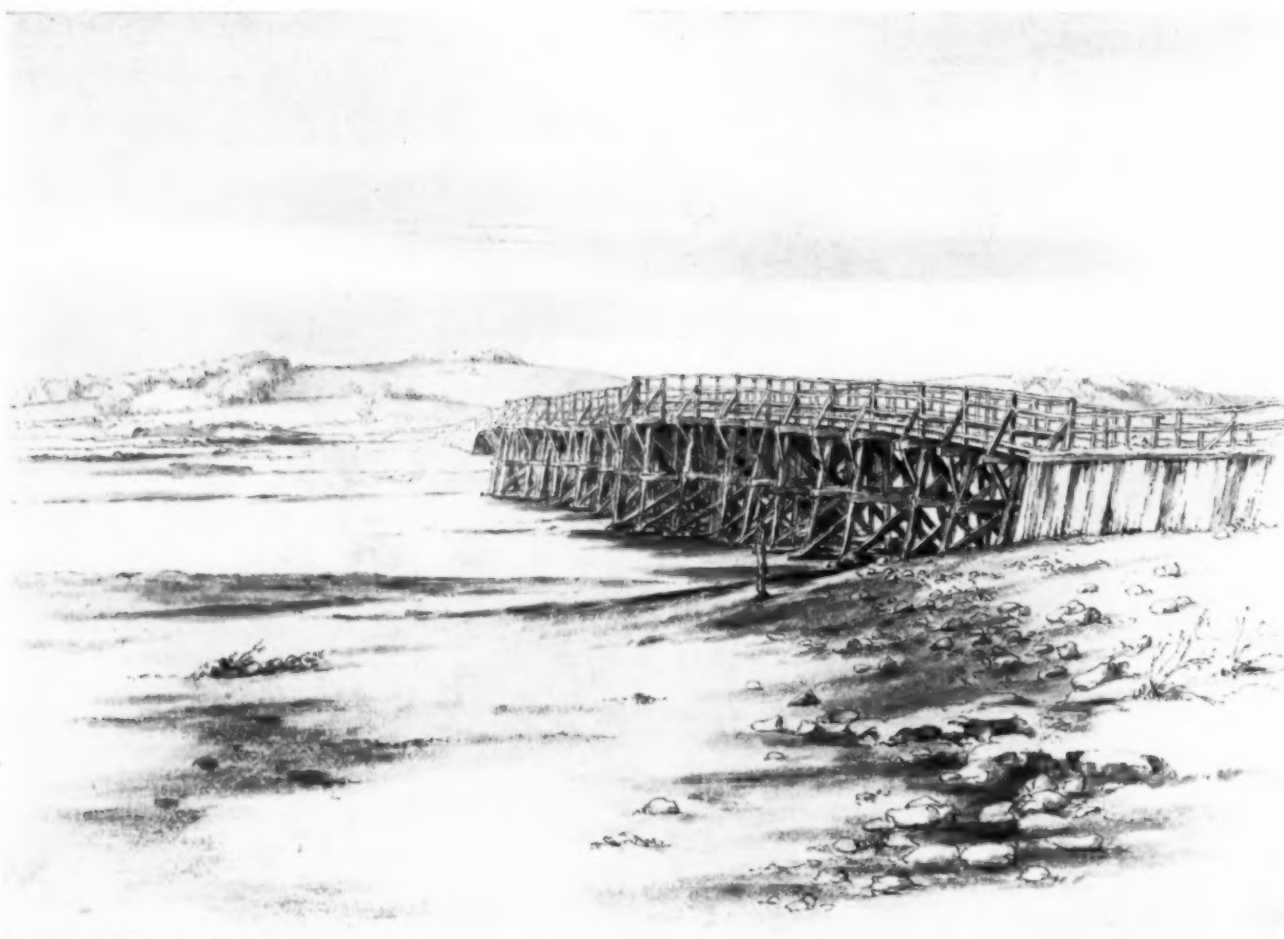
SOMPTING CHURCH FROM THE FARM.



THE CHURCH OF BOSHAM, OF NO MEAN IMPORTANCE IN SAXON DAYS.

were so great that none but a prince bishop could hold them, which may explain, so the Rev. Theodore Johnson suggests, how King Edward the Confessor came to grant the monastic buildings and estates, including the living of Bosham, to the Bishop of Exeter, thus making it a "Peculiar," outside the jurisdiction of the bishop of the diocese, who was at

that time still at Selsey. The church was completely restored in the early part of the twelfth century, when so much church building was done in Sussex, as elsewhere. To about this period belongs the tomb of a young girl whose name is not known. In this church, so connected with the rude figures of Saxons, Danes and Normans, these two children,



SHOREHAM BRIDGE: "BY QUIET WATERS STEALING TO THE SEA."

whose bodies have rested there undisturbed through the centuries, give a strange note of gentleness and pathos. One other moving sign of individual human histories the church possesses. By the south door there are several crosses of varying heights, rudely cut upon the jamb. These are Crusaders' crosses, and it is conjectured that the lowest ones were cut by the pilgrims on their knees, who thus showed their thanksgiving for their safe return at the first church they reached.

Worth Church, another Saxon building, closely rivals that of Bosham both in interest and fame. The whole of the building dates from the period between the death of Wilfred and the time of Canute. The Saxon windows, chancel arch and walls are widely known. The impression which the church makes upon the mind can hardly be exaggerated as the visitor approaches down the sloping path, dark beneath a double row of gloomy yews, towards the north porch, that one, it will be remembered, by which the devil was supposed to go out of the church after a baptism.

Even to those unacquainted with the characteristics of the different periods of architecture, the grey walls cannot fail to give a sense of long continuance and of history. Worth might well be called Worth in the Forest, for the western end of Ashdown Forest, one of the Royal chases where the kings of England came to hunt the deer, stretches up and seems almost to engulf it still. The low, wooden-fronted vicarage by the little green in which the road ends has a special charm, with its rose-wreathed porch, as of a home in the wild, which is helped by a garden cut out of the wood and trimly kept, with white roses climbing over the sombre evergreen background of the hedge.

The churches of Sompting, near Bramber, and Singleton have, like Bosham, towers which can be asserted to be of Saxon workmanship. Selham has a specially beautiful Saxon arch, and many others, whose names make a string such as Mr. Belloc delights to give us, have either a Saxon chancel arch or doorway. Such are Woolbeding and Horsted Keynes, Old Shoreham, Slaugham, Bolney, Boltophs, Wivels Field, Buncton, Chithurst and Ovingdean, and this does not exhaust the list. The sound of these names is almost sufficient defence against the charge that Sussex people have no poetry in their composition.

Another group of churches, as interesting in a different way, are those renowned for their wall-paintings, which have now been all carefully examined. These churches are all small and plainly built, which is perhaps the reason why the Prior of Lewes, under whose charge they were, selected them to be made beautiful with pictures. The work was, unfortunately, not done by English hands, but is attributed to Burgundian monks, whom the prior had invited over. Hardham contains the most beautiful examples. The prevailing tints are a chocolate or pinkish brown, white and gold. Clayton, Keymer, Plumpton and Westmeston are the remaining churches of the group. Maresfield, in the centre of the iron country, where the paintings are ruined, and Slaugham, which has suffered the same disaster, may be added to them. There are some other churches containing wall-paintings of a later date, of which perhaps the most important is Trotton in the Midhurst district, which has the Seven Deadly Sins and the Seven Works of Mercy on its great west wall.

Apart from these churches, which have a special interest, Sussex can boast several of noble proportions. Boxgrove Church, which stands by the ruins of the monastic foundation it belonged to, is one of the finest of its class in England. The great church of Rye has been called by a seventeenth century writer "the goodliest edifice of the kind in Kent or Sussex, the cathedral only excepted."

The lovely church of Winchelsea is in part a ruin, and also those of Treyford (where there is an early consecration cross in colours) and Elsted, which otherwise have little in common with Winchelsea Church. It is thought that the building never was completed, but no pains were spared in its adornment.

Some little way further west we come to Alfriston, in the Cuckmere valley, a village noted for its inn as well as for its church. This latter is cruciform in shape, and is for its size a singularly beautiful and impressive building. Beside it stands the unique pre-Reformation clergy house, which has been happily preserved for the nation.

Alfriston lies in a cup of the downs near Fittlehampton. Another famous church, the cathedral of the coast, is within sight of the noble hill of Chanctonbury, in the valley of the river Adur. This is New Shoreham, praised in Swinburne's beautiful poem. It is too well known to need detailed description here.

Passing up the Adur, by Shoreham Bridge, which spans at low tide quiet wastes of mud that gleam at sunset, we are reminded by the sight of Lancing College, and the tower of the chapel, that no good building can ever fail to harmonise and enrich natural scenery. Beeding Church, dedicated to St. Peter, close to the site of a priory, an offshoot of the Benedictine abbey of St. Florentius at Briouze, stands in a fine situation on a hill overlooking the little river. For those who like ghost stories, the fields leading down from the church are worth visiting at the proper hour. They are said locally to be haunted with white horses. Some friends of the present writer were once coming down these fields on a dark evening, when a sudden clanking of chains was heard in the hedge, and a voice, which had something decidedly uncanny in its sound, asked from the darkness whether any white horses had been seen there that night. They peered about, but could not discern anything so comparatively reassuring as a tramp or drunken rustic. They did not even see the missing beasts. A quaint little old chapel dedicated to St. Botolph is in the charge of the vicar of Beeding, and the little church of Coombes, which lies between Beeding and Lancing, must surely have been one of those in Kipling's mind when he wrote:

Where little lost Down churches praise
The God who made the hills.

Wiston Church, standing, like that of Buxted, within the park of the manor house, suggests a whole page of social history, best illustrated in Jane Austen's novels. On climbing to the celebrated crown of beeches on Chanctonbury top there are, to remind one of his Satanic Majesty, if not hoof-marks, at least the site of the Dyke by which he so nearly destroyed the Weald. There is a tradition here that to walk once in silence round the ring will bring you face to face with the devil—for confirmation of which let the writer's experience suffice. The first time of climbing Chanctonbury seemed to be such an exhilarating and also such a serious occasion, that we tried the charm as a sort of ritual appropriate to the place. We had completed the circle without a syllable spoken when, on reaching the starting-point, a weedy-looking individual suddenly appeared before our astonished eyes. He had apparently sprung that moment out of the earth, for there was no trace of any other human being but ourselves within sight when we began the circle. The devil is nothing if not up-to-date, so we ought not to have expected anything so picturesque as hoofs and a tail. He asked, I remember, the way to Brighton, looking at us the while with the evil eye; but as there was no St. Dunstan at hand, we did not stop to parley with him at all, but walked away, without so much as letting him guess that we knew.

MAUDE GOLDRING.

[It is fitting to mention that the originals, from which the illustrations for this article were taken, were the work of Mr. Charles Stabb, whose charming drawings are probably familiar to many of our readers.—ED.]

"WHAT HAVE 'EE CATCHED?"

"What have 'ee caught, lil' lad on the shore?"

"Shrimps an' a crayfish out o' the pool,
An' a tinfal o' lugworms, jest a score,
To scrig on the night lines arter school."

"What have 'ee caught, lil' maid in the lane?"

"The scent o' the thyme an' the cheep o' the bird,
An' the sound of a song that is joy an' pain,
But the sweetest song as ever I heard."

"What have 'ee caught, strong man from the say?"

"A seineful o' pilchers, a sailful o' foam,
A twenty knot breeze from the nor'rard away,
That drove me ascuddin' an' rollockin' home."

"What have 'ee caught, old dame by the door?"

"A lil' brown sail goin' out on the tide,
That never comes back to the lonely shore,
To pay for the tears that my heart have cried."

BERNARD MOORE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE LORD BURTON'S TWENTY-POINTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think the correspondence in your columns regarding the late Lord Burton's twenty-pointer has conclusively proved my contention that it is not beyond suspicion that this stag was not a Highland deer. I had hoped to be able to send you a statement from Henderson, the late Lord Burton's veteran stalker, but owing to stress of weather it has so far been impossible to get into communication with him. Lord Ilchester has unquestionably disposed of the story about the Warnham stag—and of course it is not impossible, though I think it improbable, that the stag in question was one of the two year olds turned down in 1881, to which he refers, and which I admit I was not aware of before. There are two points, however, to which I wish to draw attention: (1) The whole correspondence, so far, has been in reference to deer turned down in Glen Quoich Forest. Now, the stag in question was not killed in Glen Quoich, but at the west end of Glen Kingie Forest, which is separated from Glen Quoich by the whole length of Loch Quoich and part of Barrisdale Forest, where there is, or used to be, a deer fence along the march down to the loch. The actual place where the stag was killed is very much closer to both Knoydart and Kinloch Morar Forests and my own sheep ground than it is to the nearest point of Glen Quoich Forest. Therefore, both Lord Lovat and Mr. Bowlby would have more justification in claiming the stag as coming off their ground than Mr. Wallace has in saying it was a park stag from Glen Quoich. (2) The late Lord Burton used to feed the deer very heavily in the winter, both in Kingie and Glen Quoich, and it is a very strange thing that this twenty-pointer was never seen at these feeds. Surely, if it were a tame park deer, one would expect it would have come regularly to be fed, and I do not think that even Mr. Wallace could suggest that a park stag could be kept alive in this mountainous region without resorting to hand-feeding, or that any stag could suddenly put twenty points on to its antlers during the course of one short summer. I am not going to assert that it is "beyond doubt," but I certainly think that until it is proved to the contrary this stag may fairly be claimed as a genuine, though probably unique, Highland stag.—D. W. CAMERON OF LOCHIEL.

[We have received the following reply to this letter from Mr. Frank Wallace: "The correspondence with regard to the late Lord Burton's twenty-pointer has really proved nothing. My remark that 'there is more than a suspicion that this was not a genuine wild Scottish stag' was based on the statement originally made by Mr. J. G. Millais in his 'Mammals of Great Britain and Ireland,' which has already been quoted. Lord Ilchester, to quote Lochiel, 'has unquestionably disposed of the story about the Warnham stag,' and apparently Mr. Millais was in error in believing it to be a particular stag sent from Warnham. It may or may not have been one of the two year olds turned down in 1881. Lochiel admits that this is not impossible. Deer are good swimmers, and there seems to be no particular reason why this stag should not have swum Loch Quoich and made his way to Glen Kingie. All I say is that the head is far more like that of an old park stag than that of an ordinary Highland stag, and this, coupled with what I had heard from Mr. Millais, led me to make the statement to which Lochiel took exception. It cannot be proved 'beyond doubt' that it was not a genuine Scottish stag. Lochiel considers the probabilities in favour of its being a genuine, unique Highland stag; on the other hand, taking the appearance of the head into consideration, it may equally well have been any of the park deer turned down in 1881, as Mr. Millais has pointed out."—Ed.]

WOOD-PIGEONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As these birds are just now appearing in large flocks—somewhat behind their usual time—in various parts of the country, it may interest some of your readers to know that on Saturday, February 8th, I witnessed the passage of several little parties of them right over the "backbone of England," from east to west. It was a bright, clear morning, succeeding a two-days' westerly gale, and the wind was still blowing with considerable force from west by south-west. There are few wood-pigeons at this time of year in the upland valleys of Northumberland and East Cumberland (there being little to attract them in the way of arable culture), and I was therefore rather surprised to see a flock of perhaps thirty of them winging their way across the upper part of South Tynedale, shaping a course over Alston Moor towards the high ridge of Cross Fell, which here forms the watershed between east and west. The birds were flying low, in the teeth of the strong wind, the hour being about ten o'clock, and except for their unusual appearance here I did not at the moment attach much importance to them. I was then just beginning the six-mile climb from the Tyne Valley to the top of Hartside, where the main road crosses the Pennine Range, and whence the descent is abrupt into the wide and fertile plain of Mid-Cumberland. Half-

an-hour later I was surprised to notice about a dozen more of the pigeons skimming over the heather, singly, or in a very much scattered band, pursuing the same line of flight that had been taken by their fellows; and during the next hour or so two or three more of the birds passed me. Just about noon, while resting for a few minutes on the very summit of the ridge, another little party of rather more than a dozen wood-pigeons passed me, almost brushing the heather as they climbed the hill, but launching away into the higher air as soon as they had left it, and heading due west for the seed-fields and turnips of the Eden Valley. Later in the afternoon, a fair number of the pigeons were seen round about Penrith (where, however, they are always present), and one could not but reflect with wonder on the marvellous instinct, or impulse of migration, which had induced them to leave behind the cultivated fields of the East Coast to push their way over the (to them) barren leagues of intervening hill and moorland. There could be no doubt about the birds I saw being genuine immigrants to the district, but whether they formed the out-skirmishers of a larger army yet to follow, or were merely the flying scud, so to speak, of a wave of migrants that had settled in the East Country, there is, at the time of writing, no information to show. In any case, the birds were forcing their way across the country in the teeth of an adverse wind.—GEORGE BOLAM.

AN ADAPTABLE REDWING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was walking along a hedgerow one day in the middle of May, when my dog gave chase to some creature which ran quickly up the ditch for some little distance and then disappeared into a hole under a bush. Thinking that it was a rat, I let the dog dig at the place and, to my surprise, he speedily unearthed what appeared to be a healthy redwing. Not until I examined it more closely, however, did I discover that the left wing with all the primary flight-feathers had been cut off at the wrist, and that the bird was totally unable to fly. The wound was an old one, for it had quite healed over; and the bird had apparently

completely adapted himself to the altered conditions under which he must live after the rest of his kind had departed to their foreign breeding haunts, for he ran as fast and as far as a partridge. From the direct way in which he made straight for the hole when pursued, I have little doubt that he was quite accustomed to use it as a sanctuary.—M. D. HAVILAND.

A LARGE LITTER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In a recent issue you give accounts of large litters of cubs. Perhaps I may be allowed to give you the facts of a large litter. Some thirty-five years ago, Waddell, earth-stopper to the Percy Hounds, dug out a vixen on Ross Links, and, as she was close on cubbing, he took her home with him, and next time I saw him he told me she had cubbed

thirteen, and that it was the largest litter he had ever heard of. He is still stopper to the Hunt, and no doubt will verify my statement.—A. M. HARDIE.

POISONOUS FISHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In an article on this subject in COUNTRY LIFE, October 29th, 1910, I alluded to the toxic properties of the flesh of the Gymnodont plectognatus tribe, popularly called puffers, globe-fish and porcupine-fish. A recent number of the *Philippine Journal of Science* (Vol. VII., 204, 1912) contains reports of death resulting from eating some of the fishes in the Philippine Islands. The fish which caused these fatalities has been identified by Mr. Alvin Scale as the black-spotted puffer (*Tetrodon sceleratus*). In the cases reported, the death of three natives ensued within five to twenty hours. Mr. Scale observes that there is very little danger of an American or European eating any of these fishes, as their appearance and smell are offensive, and they are too small to be desirable for the table. Nearly all the natives of the Philippines know that these fishes are poisonous; but either because of the peculiar flavour, or of the ease with which they are caught, they are often eaten, not infrequently with deplorable results. The treatment recommended by Mr. Scale is to promptly empty the stomach of the patient with an emetic, such as tepid salt water or mustard. Then a stimulant, such as whisky or *vino*, should be given. In case of collapse, artificial breathing should be resorted to.—G. A. BOULENGER.

THE GLOSSY IBIS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a keen lover of Nature, and one who takes a great interest in your "Correspondence" columns, can you spare me space to protest against the slaughter of these and other rare visitants to our islands? The idiot with a gun is ever ready to destroy. The fatal word "extinct" tells the gruesome story from year to year. A stinging rebuke in your valuable and widely-read paper would, no doubt, make these so-called "sportsmen" think twice. These revolting tales of slaughter must surely be received with indignation and contempt



A REDWING WHICH LIVED IN A BURROW.

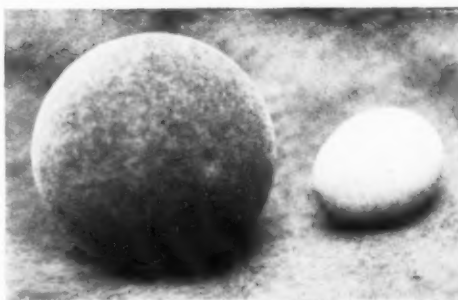
by the majority of your readers! Or are we to expect a further instalment recording the shooting of the twenty birds seen in the Orkneys and elsewhere?—JOHN H. BEART-FOSS.

[Other correspondents have written in the same terms. We greatly regret the shooting of these harmless birds, although, being shot, the facts possess scientific value.—Ed.]

A CURIOUS HAIR BALL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph depicts a ball of hair taken from the stomach of a giraffe during a post-mortem examination, and its large size may be judged by comparing it with the hen's egg placed alongside. The presence of the hair ball had nothing to do with the animal's death; in fact, such occurrences are by no means unusual, although the mass of hair rarely takes such a round form as here shown. These balls are formed by the animal licking its coat, and the loose hairs which adhere to the coat are swallowed and collect together in a mass. Apparently they cause the animal no inconvenience whatever during life.—W. BERRIDGE.

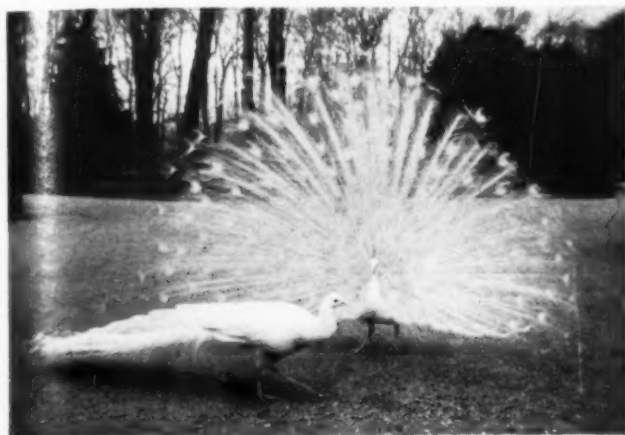


FROM THE STOMACH OF A GIRAFFE.

WHITE PEACOCKS AT PAU.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of beautiful white peacocks, which was taken in



IN THE STRENGTH OF HIS PRIDE.

the gardens of the Palais d'Hiver at Pau, Basse-Pyrénées.—BERYL M. UNWIN.

COUNTRY LIFE IN JAPAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing an Ohara woman in her best attire going to Kyoto. Most of the villagers at Ohara, near Kyoto, are said to be very handsome and of fair complexion. The piece of cloth that the woman wears round her head is a very pretty one, embroidered with gold lace and worn only by the young women at Ohara village.—Y. HASHIZUME.

BATS FLYING IN SUNLIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—At Melbourn in Cambridgeshire a few days ago in the early afternoon I watched a bat flying about in the sun for some time. I do not remember to have seen such a sight before at this time of year, but do not know if it is sufficiently uncommon to be worthy of record.—A. R. FORDHAM.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—A short time ago I was surprised to see a bat circling round and round a deodar quite early in the afternoon, while the sun was still shining strongly. This bat was obviously hawking after flies, so that its being out in broad daylight was no accident. I have since seen

several other bats here hunting insects in bright sunshine, so that in Florence, at all events, these creatures are not infrequently diurnal in their habits. One bat in particular was behaving in most unbatlike fashion. It was flying up and down the right bank of the Arno at two o'clock in the afternoon of a most brilliantly sunny day. It flew low, only some twenty feet above the grass. There are no trees on this part of the river bank, but there were a good many small flies about, evidently hatched from the grassy puddles along the river bank. All the bats were the small, short-eared variety.—FLEUR-DE-LY, Florence.

HAND-REARED KITTENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Herewith I beg to hand you for publication, if suitable, in COUNTRY LIFE, a photograph of a couple of kittens which lost their mother when about ten days old. The mother was killed by a dog while near the latter's food, and, as we were most anxious to rear the kittens, we started feeding them with fresh milk from a spoon. They never appeared to relish this, and we were afraid we would



SPOON-FED KITS.

lose them after all, until one day, by a happy thought, we tried them on timed milk, mixed with a little warm water. This they took with absolute avidity, and have been thriving on it. They are now about three and a-half months old, and are so accustomed to being fed from a spoon that they stand patiently one on each side of a saucer, and take turns. Sometimes they wander off and chew at the edges of the tin where the milk has become crystallised.—GEORGE H. ROY.

NATURE AND MILD WEATHER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As indicative of the wonderful effect of the mild weather upon vegetation in this locality—one of the highest points on the Chiltern Hills—I send you a few specimens, gathered at random, within a short distance of my house. (1) Blackthorn in full bloom (a considerable portion of the hedgerow from which the sprigs were gathered is white with blossom); (2) a spray of hawthorn culled from a bush still laden with haws; (3) "palm"; (4) dog's mercury in bloom; (5) wild violets and primroses (there are considerable numbers of primroses in the more sheltered parts of the woods). I may mention having seen some school

children with bunches of blackthorn blossom quite a fortnight ago, and am therefore somewhat late in the field myself. I also hear of a plum tree in full bloom at Ballinger, some two miles distant. Briefly, well-nigh everything in Nature is exceedingly "forward" here. I observed partridges paired three weeks ago. There are numbers of young rabbits to be seen running about, keepers report having found well-grown leverets, and there are at least three house-sparrows' nests, each containing eggs, in the roof of the local "Bethel." But, alas! Nature, though so wise in many things, is prone to place too much confidence in our perfidious and erratic climate, for there is still time for a spell of hard weather, and a belated visit from the "Wizard of the North" would play havoc with her tender and budding creations.—MARSHMAN.



A RUSTIC BEAUTY IN JAPAN.

THE TADPOLES OF THE COMMON FROG HIBERNATING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing with this a photograph of some tadpoles, which was taken on January 25th, and I have been wondering whether the unusual date may not make it worth publishing in *COUNTRY LIFE*, for tadpoles in the midst of winter seem more than a little out of season. They have been in a tank in an unheated conservatory at Astley Abbotts Rectory, near Bridgnorth, since the early part of last summer, and have now only just reached the "leg stage."

Probably want of food and warmth has retarded their development, but Mrs. Hodgson (the owner of the conservatory) says that they have apparently altered little for some months. Perhaps some of your readers can give other instances of frog tadpoles remaining

in this stage beyond the proper time, or, at any rate, a scientific explanation of why these have done so.—FRANCES PITT.

[Concerning this extraordinary example of hibernation, Professor Boulenger writes as follows: "I have never heard of the tadpole of the common frog, *Rana temporaria*, hibernating in England, and the cause of this retardation in the metamorphosis must be due to want of food. As the eggs of the frog are laid with us between February and April, the tadpoles represented must be nearly a year old. Hibernation of the larvæ is not rare in the edible frog on the Continent."—ED.]

THE BEST FORM OF GRATING TO INTERCEPT TROUT?

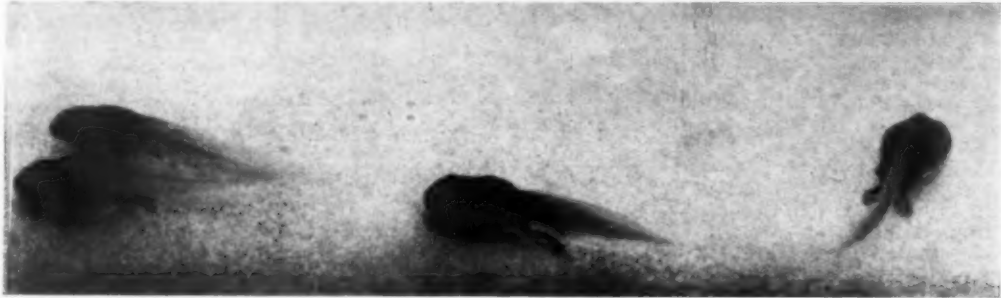
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been asked to enquire through your columns whether any of your readers can help with a suggestion in the following difficulty. The problem is to arrest the escape of trout, out of a piece of river in which it is wished to keep them, into a side stream up which they are inclined to go. No doubt their object in ascending it is to spawn; but there are sufficient beds for them below, in the main stream, so that there is no necessity to allow them to go up this branch. Once they get up, it is thought that they do not return, as there is ample food there; and seeing that the side stream is absolutely unfishable with fly, it is very desirable that they should be kept from going there. It is quite easy to fix in a grating to prevent their ascent, but the trouble has always been hitherto that the grating gets so soon clogged up with leaves, weeds and slime brought down by the stream. The question that you or your readers are asked to answer is whether there is any form or arrangement of grating by which this can be avoided, whether there is any that will allow the leaves and weeds to pass away down stream through the grating and still prevent the up-stream passage of the trout? Failing this, information is asked as to the form of grating which can be most easily taken up for examination, in order to free it from these encumbrances, and which will require least frequent attention.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

THE COLOUR OF CAT'S EYES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am much obliged for your answer to my letter respecting the colour of cats' eyes in *COUNTRY LIFE* for February 1st, 1913. May I now add the information that the mother of all our yellow kittens whose eyes have changed colour when they were from four to six months old is a brown, very slightly marked with yellow, half-bred Persian, which succeeded its mother, of similar colouring, as family pet? And the father of the first two sets of kittens was also a large half-bred—or perhaps quarter-bred—Persian cat belonging to a neighbour, which had a habit of roaming about our premises. About the parentage of the last pair of yellow kittens I am not so certain, as the yellow Persian cat disappeared before they were born. And I may also mention, in this connection, that the last yellow kittens have neither such woolly coats nor such bushy tails as the former ones. The one we kept is now about four months old, and its eyes are visibly changing to yellow. A grey cat of the same litter has shown no signs of changing the colour of its eyes. The last three families our cat has had have consisted of four kittens each, two yellow ones and two brownish, like the mother.—FRANCES McLAUGHLIN.



THE TADPOLES WHICH DID NOT BECOME FROGS.

FERRETS V. RATS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—During the last two years I have been particularly struck with the growing timidity of the ferret when opposed to the rat. A few years ago there were few better sports than a day's ratting with ferrets round a farmstead. First the outbuildings, and the piggery in particular, were tried, and once the ferrets entered the rat-holes they did not come out until they had turned the rats out. Now

the ferrets are afraid to face the rats; very often we find the ferrets retreating badly bitten without having shifted the rats. This is not the case in one district only, but over a wide area, so it cannot be any particular strain of ferrets but

have developed cowardice. Have the rats become more vicious? It may be mentioned that since the passing of the Ground Game Act farmers use ferrets much more for rabbiting than they formerly did. As these bolt more readily without showing fight like the rat, perhaps this may somewhat account for the ferrets' timidity in some districts. But I know of ferrets which have never been in a rabbit's burrow that are afraid to face a rat. Ferret-keepers also state that rat bites are more poisonous than they were, and that ferrets now frequently die after being punished by rats.—ELDRED WALKER.

THE PERSIAN METHOD OF IRRIGATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Enclosed is a snap-shot of a double Persian wheel well. The foot wheel raises the water out of a well about twenty feet deep, and then the water runs along a small drain and is raised to the height of the fields by means of another wheel. Both wheels here are worked by bullocks, but one sees them worked by camels very frequently too. You have published illustrations of the similar Egyptian *Sacchia*; but I think the double wheel is somewhat unusual.—H. S. WURTELE.



DOUBLE PERSIAN WATER-WHEEL WELL.

VERY YOUNG CHILDREN HAVING TO GO LONG DISTANCES TO SCHOOL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am much interested in "H. G. H.'s" interesting letter to your paper. I feel strongly that something ought to be done in regard to the question of children—from the age of five—being compelled to walk in all weathers to school. I believe the mileage limit in this county (Worcestershire) is two miles, possibly it may be three; but even two miles in the short winter days means starting before 8 a.m. and returning in the dark. Only last week a mother told me that she put down her little girl's bad health (a nervous breakdown from general debility) greatly to the early start; the child was so nervous at the thought of being late that she rarely would eat any breakfast, and therefore had to rely solely on a cold dinner, eaten in an open shed or a wet school-yard. Another mother blames the school authorities bitterly. In this case the child had two miles to walk, and having a bad cold when her fifth birthday came, her mother kept her at home; but the inspector called and threatened to summons if she was not sent, so in spite of this cold, she and a small cousin of the same age toiled daily to school, returning so tired and worn out in the evening that they were unable to eat and, generally in tears, had to be put to bed, to continue the same weary round next morning. As soon as there was a medical inspection, the child was excluded from school on account of tubercular trouble, and now will be months, if not years, before

she recovers from this trouble, which, if not caused, was certainly aggravated by the cruel law. Slippers used to be provided in the infants' part of the same school, but as it was found that the stockings were always wet too, there was little use in changing the boots alone, so these were given up. Surely we are the only civilised nation that insists upon children going to school at this early age? Our leading psychologists disapprove, and I have yet to find the doctor that approves. Cannot something be done to prevent so much needless suffering?—A. H.

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